THE PRIVATE LIFE OF WALLACE BEERY

By CLARA BERANGER

Liberty

JULY 15,
1933

5¢

IRENE ZIMERMAN

WHY I AM FOR REPEAL

by

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

CHARLES LASALLE

WHO CARES WHO YOU ARE — *If your breath isn't sweet?*

The answer is: Nobody!

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is indeed the unforgivable social fault. It nullifies every other charm.

By the way, how is your breath today? Agreeable you hope—but is it?

Statistics prove that everyone has halitosis at one time or another—*without knowing it*. Close to 90% of halitosis cases are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove from teeth and gums.

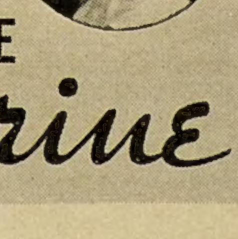
Recognizing this constant threat, why not put yourself on the safe side? Why offend others needlessly when by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine you can make your breath sweet and wholesome—beyond power to offend?

Listerine immediately halts fermentation, the major cause of mouth odors, and then overcomes the odors themselves. Keep it always handy and use it before all engagements.

Don't expect questionable mouth washes to get rid of questionable breath. Use Listerine and be *sure*. Repeated tests have shown that Listerine instantly overcomes mouth odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

TO GET RID OF HALITOSIS USE



Listerine

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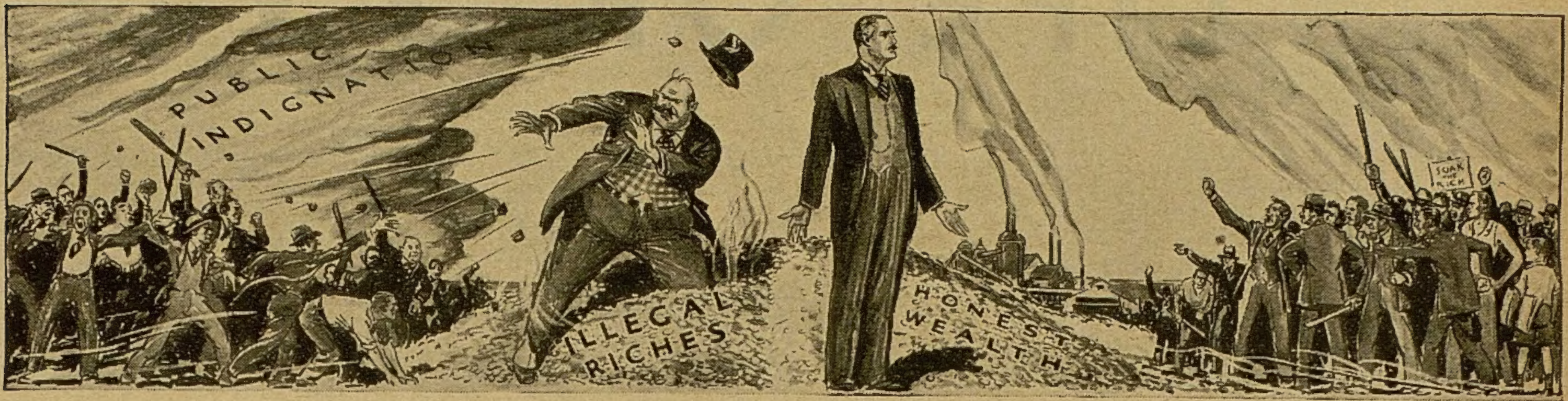

SOAK THE RICH—IT'S POPULAR

Everywhere today rich men are looked upon with suspicion. The evil practices of a few men in high places have been exposed, and bankers and financiers generally are supposed to be equally guilty.

But, barring racketeering through prohibition and other sources, few men have gained great riches through illegal means.

We have been taught that honesty is the best policy, and with but few exceptions the big men in the business and financial world have climbed to their present heights because of adherence to this rule.

These are strenuous times. Spirit, courage, fighting characteristics of an unusual nature are necessary to attain success.

We have worshiped at the shrine of wealth in this country in the past, and the almighty dollar is still a powerful lure, though there is a tendency at this time to pull down those who have climbed the financial heights.

To gain the rewards that come with wealth requires hard work, close application to the detailed study of the associated problems—not eight hours a day but sometimes eighteen or twenty, and for some brief periods both night and day.

Dishonesty and racketeering should be punished.

But no honest man should ever be deprived of his just earnings.

It has been maintained in the past that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. That is true only to the extent that the rich man's well paid attorneys can usually outwit less capable legal representatives hired by the poor.

But the present general policy of condemning the rich just because they are rich is ruinous to the last degree. It would ultimately tear down our national standards, destroy our civilization, bring about chaos, just as it did in Russia.

There, during the revolutionary period, being rich was a crime; the wealthy were massacred by the thousands, their property confiscated.

But there is not an intelligent American citizen who would care to see such a bloody catastrophe repeated in this country.

A national policy directed toward the general welfare should automatically allow the " cream to rise to the top." Conscientious effort, ability, merit should be allowed to win, without regard to wealth.

Proper respect for moral standards should be richly rewarded.

Conscientious service and honesty of purpose should be given appropriate payment. And if we should sweep aside these old-time American principles our very civilization would be threatened.

Those who have been made rich through ill-gotten gains, or those who are using the power of riches for evil purposes, should be punished severely.

But those who are serving this country in high places, who are guiding the financial affairs of huge enterprises, should be properly defended not only because they are fully entitled to such protection but because of their value to the community and to the nation. They climbed to the top through hard work and close application to the requirements in developing superefficiency. If such men were to be swept out of their high positions and their duties and responsibilities were assumed by inexperienced, dominating personalities, often guided by arrogance and resentment, ruin and disaster would soon face this nation.

Merit must be allowed to win!

To a large extent this policy has been seriously hindered in the past, but it would be calamitous to sweep it aside altogether.

We should make every possible effort to uphold these fundamental principles—a fair field and no favors; equal rights to all. Our forefathers fought for these ideals with grim tenacity, and if we cast them aside we might just as well bid good-by to the advancement that we have made in civilized arts and return to the savage tenets of the jungle.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN

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The PRIVATE LIFE OF Wal

A Revealing Look at the Heart and Mind of Hollywood's Homespun Hero

By CLARA BERANGER

(Reading time: 14 minutes 20 seconds.)

"SAY, I hope you don't mind my bringin' the kid along, but it's the nurse's day off and I'm elected."

Does that sound like an apology? Well, it wasn't, as you would know had you seen the grin on Wallace Beery's face when he greeted me at the Brown Derby for lunch. He was already seated in one of those leather booths into which the restaurant is sliced. Standing on the seat beside him, one tiny hand around his neck, the other raiding his pocket, was a twenty-months-old wisp of a blonde—Carol Ann, his adopted daughter.

"Cute, isn't she?" he asked.

Gruffly pretending it was a nuisance to have the care of the child, he beamed with joy when she hugged and kissed him and otherwise demonstrated how much she adored her big dynamic foster father.

"She's never still a minute," he said in a tone of pride. "Are all kids so full of pep?"

Before I had a chance to answer he went on about her other accomplishments. "She's smart, too. Bright as they make 'em. Lemme show you.

"Roll your eyes, Carol," he said, putting his arm around the child to hold her steady.

She looked from him to me and gave a perfectly gorgeous imitation of the seductive rotary motion of a screen siren's eyes. Wally glistened with pride.

"Do you know how to laugh?" he prompted.

"Ha-ha-ha," the child responded in a heavy barytone, copied undoubtedly from Wally himself.

"You see," he explained, "I'm teaching her to act. Maybe she won't want to when she grows up, and of course I won't make her. But I hope she will. It makes me mad to hear actors say about their children, 'I'd rather have 'em be anything in the world but actors.' They're only putting on airs when they talk like that. Acting's a grand job. It's hard work, sure. An' a tough fight to get along. But what of it? If you've got guts, you'll stick it out."

And Wally has guts. (I could say intestinal fortitude or perseverance or any of the dictionary words that approximate the meaning, but he said "guts" and the word somehow seems pertinent to the lusty personality of the man himself.) He has arrived at the top of his profession by fighting every inch of the way. Success was not handed to him on a silver platter because of "youth, good looks, and sex appeal." His real success came at the age of forty-three — he's forty-six now. And it came after twenty-eight years of hard struggles, of many ups and downs in the show business.

If you happened to see The Champ you have a pretty good idea what Wally Beery is like in real life. A big brawny hulk of a man. A strange mingling of contraries. Toughness and tenderness. Grouchiness and humor.

If you could see him on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot (try and get in) carrying baby Carol around on his back in a basket made especially for the purpose, you'd laugh but you'd want to weep. Just as you probably did weep when you saw him in The Champ. Because there is about Wally's adoration for children something so elemental, so true, that it strikes a chord in your heart.

The popularity of Wally Beery is an important, significant milestone in screen history. It marks the passing of the pretty-man hero, of the hollow-chested, tubercularly thin male vamp. It means that the "he-man" is in again. Not the two-gun Westerner of the "movies in their infancy" days, but the honest-to-goodness plain-folks' hero who stands firmly on his own two feet, ready, able, and willing to fight his way through life.

Wally isn't handsome. He isn't even good-looking. He has a square face with a stubbornly protruding lower lip. His brown eyes are neither large, long-lashed, nor soulful. His skin, browned to a tough leathery texture, wrinkles around the lips and the eyes. Yet there is stark honesty in his face. And humor and good nature.

When he laughs his whole body shakes and you know he means it. When he smiles his eyes are whipped by an eagerness that illuminates his whole face. When he talks there is in his voice the same mixture of tenderness and strength that characterizes his screen performances.

"I don't know who the joke's on," he said, "but I was born on April Fools' Day. I was a husky kid, the third of three boys. Say, can you imagine what a madhouse our place in Kansas City was with three noisy kids always getting into scrapes? My father was a cop"—he didn't say patrolman or policeman

Wallace Beery as a boy in Kansas City, where, Wally explains, his father was a "cop."

llace Beery

Paramount photo

Beery in a character part he played in the picture Old Ironsides.

or officer, just cop—" and let me tell you he had a tough beat to cover. My mother had a tough beat too — bringin' up three husky, hungry boys on a cop's salary—boys who were always tearing their clothes and breaking things and getting into mischief. But she managed to keep us all clean and well fed, and even to give us singing and piano lessons. She was a great scout. Never complained but just went about her work, knowing she had to do it and doing it cheerfully.

" My father was hard-boiled on the outside, but he had a heart as big as a house and he was always sympathetic to us kids."

Wally went on to tell me how the boys had to work around the house, building fires, shoveling snow. There were no girl children and the boys were commandeered to help with the washing and ironing and the clearing up of dishes. Life in the Beery household was always a stern struggle to keep the wolf from the door. There was no room for softness or luxury, but plenty of room for good humor, for laughter, for the development of three tough little boys into strong, sturdy men.

Wally was nicknamed " Jumbo " because he was big and round-faced and chubby. He could fight with the best of them—his cop father and his two older brothers saw to that. And he scrapped his way through school, wearing shabby odd-looking clothes remodeled from his father's uniforms, first for William, the oldest, then for Noah, the second boy, and finally for Wally. By the time they reached the third son, there was little trace of the glory that had once been a patrolman's uniform.

But he hated school. It was dull and lacked adventure. When he was ten years old he ran away. He rode the rods of dozens of trains. He panhandled. He dodged policemen who, at word from Beery Senior, hunted everywhere for him. He learned to sleep in railroad yards, in box cars, in vacant lots. He sawed wood and did odd jobs for a meal. Or, when jobs were not forthcoming, he stole food where he found it. He got tougher and harder and more self-reliant. After six weeks he decided he ought to go home, and his parents, relieved to see him safe and well, forgot to scold.

There followed a period of earning his own living in whatever way he could. The family realized that his was too volcanic a spirit to keep suppressed in a schoolroom. He became in turn an engine wiper, a hot-bolt thrower, and finally an elephant trainer.

I SUPPOSE it could be said that Wallace Beery's theatrical life started when he landed a job with the Ringling Brothers' circus as elephant trainer. He earned three dollars and a half a week cash, plus food and lodging. He was supposed to herd, guard, and be nursemaid in general to the troupe of elephants. If he stuck out the whole season he was rewarded by a bonus figured at the rate of a dollar and a half a week for the year.

" The circus is a hard life," Wally said, " and don't let anybody tell you it ain't. I learned more about takin' care of myself in that outfit than I ever learned anywhere. Every man had to be for himself, and if he couldn't fight his own battles he was just out of luck. I had scrapped before. In the circus I learned to fight. I stuck it for two years, and I'm darned glad I did. Those two years made a man out of me."

Another circus engagement, with Forepaugh Brothers, traveling all over the country, learning further the business of independence and self-reliance.

Noah meanwhile was earning twenty-five dollars a week by singing in a New York show. If Noah can make that much money, there might be a chance for me, thought Wally.

There was. He started at eighteen dollars in the chorus of Babes in Toyland, and gradually rose to thirty-five a week and a place in the cast. Bigger parts in musical comedies and bigger salaries.

It wasn't all clear sailing. The theatrical business never is. Broke one week and a job with plenty of money the next. But a man who had learned to fight for himself would never let anyone count ten over him just because he was out of a job. He made friends. He learned all about the exciting city of New York.

It was in 1913, when he was on the stage in Chicago, that he got his first screen offer to join the Essanay Company, whose studio was in that city.

Seventy-five dollars a week, fifty-two weeks in the year. Wally signed up for a series of comedies.

M. G. M. photo

Wally, his wife, and their adopted daughter, Carol Ann.

Up to then he had been too absorbed with the problem of self-support to bother about girls. Or even to notice them. But there was one little extra girl in that picture company, shy, pretty, and full of ambition, who attracted his attention—Gloria Swanson. He fell violently, desperately in love with her. And he lavished on her the full force of his protective attention. He had never had a sister. Gloria became his sister, his child, his wife.

"You never saw anything as sweet as that kid was in those days," he said to me. He later suffered deeply on account of her, but characteristically he remembers only the glamour of their romance and holds no rancor against her for its subsequent breakdown.

They weren't married at once. The fortunes of the picture game were as uncertain and unstable as the show business. The Essanay Company went broke in California and for a time Wally was out of a job. But when he got another one, with the Keystone Company, he and Gloria were married. Gloria meanwhile had become a bathing beauty with the Mack Sennett troupe.

For two years they were ideally happy. And then something happened. Wally refuses to explain what caused the divorce. Perhaps it was the eternal conflict of professional egos. Perhaps it was Gloria's burning ambition. Or her strong will that needs to dominate the man she loves. Wally couldn't be dominated.

Whatever the cause of the break, it almost ruined Wally. It was his first major tragedy. He lost interest in his work, and he lost his job. He wandered around doing nothing, caring for no one, until actual physical starvation pulled him up and forced him to carry on. But for a long time afterward he couldn't play comedy.

STARTING over again in pictures as a German villain, he played a succession of heavies. Working hard, advancing slowly, steadily, to parts where he was featured. Salary increasing, bank balance growing substantially. Comfortable homes for himself and his parents, whom he had brought from Kansas. Fighting all the way for good parts, for true expression of himself, for a fair deal. Taking time out to keep physically fit by riding and wrestling, and to humor his hobbies of fishing and hunting and, more recently, of flying.

And then there happened what Wally calls the luckiest break he ever got. He was playing King Richard the Lion-Hearted in Douglas Fairbanks' production of Robin Hood. An extra girl, Rita Gilman, attracted his attention. She was blonde and very pretty. He fell in love but he was scared. She was an actress. In pictures. Was ambition going to mean as much to her as it had to Gloria?

He told her he wanted to marry her—but only if she would be willing to be just Mrs. Beery and forget about pictures. She was in love with Wally and making him happy meant more to her than going on with her career. She told him so, and they were married.

"You know," she said to me, "Wally's the greatest man that ever lived. Maybe I'd have been a good actress and maybe not. But I've never been sorry, not for one minute, that I decided the way I did. I've got a fine home and I've got a man who would go through fire to look after me and keep me happy. Honest," she continued, "nobody has any idea what a swell husband Wally is. He's always helping other people, too," she added. "He won't give them money—he thinks that's bad for them. But he helps them out in other ways.

"For instance, there was one girl who needed an operation before she could go on working. Wally paid the doctors and all the hospital bills. And then helped her get a job.

"I could give you hundreds of cases like that," she said, "where he's put people in business, or paid their rent, or kept them in food till they got on their feet.

"He's full of fun, too, kidding all the time. Here, look at this."

She handed me a photograph of Wally which had accompanied a Christmas gift. On it was inscribed:

To Mrs. Beery
I am delighted to have had the pleasure of meeting you.
Your provider
Mr. Beery. Xmas '27.

"There's never a dull minute when Wally's in the house," she concluded.

THE house she referred to is not a "mova de pic" palace. It's a big home, roomy enough for a big master. Carol's toys are scattered about where she leaves them. The dogs roam around all over the place, and can hop to rest on any piece of furniture that looks comfortable to them.

And Rita Beery looks after them all. When she goes with Wally on his hunting and fishing trips she does the cooking and washing, just as his mother did for him in the early days of poverty.

When the house was gutted by fire while he was flying his own plane to New York, he didn't whine or weep about it. He went right to work rebuilding it.

When, like many others, he lost a fortune in the stock crash of 1929, he took it philosophically. Called himself a fool for trying to beat the Wall Street game. And that was that.

When he lost another fortune recently in the failure of a Hollywood bank, he didn't waste time on regrets. Chin up, eyes glinting with determination, he girded himself for the fight to build a new bank balance. He's really happier, I think, when he has a fight on his hands than when his luck is running smoothly.

There is no swank in either of the two Beerys—Wally or Rita. When people crowd around him, begging for autographs, he cheerfully signs his name.

He is pleased by his popularity and he doesn't pretend that it bores him. While we were lunching, a flock of women kept crowding around the table.

"Oh, won't you sign this, Mr. Beery?" or "May I have your autograph, Mr. Beery?" He just grinned and signed.

A smartly dressed, sophisticated tourist stopped at our table. She spoke to the child but she looked at Wally. "You're a darling," she cooed. "I just adore you."

The same women who used to swoon at a Valentino picture, or blame husbands for not making love like John Gilbert, have transferred their devotion to plain, honest Wally Beery.

Husbands who formerly hated the suave screen lovers, now by their presence in the theaters pay the ultimate tribute to this new hero.

And all the children are crazy about him. It was a desire expressed by Jackie Cooper that generated the idea for The Champ. When asked by Irving Thalberg at Metro what picture he would like to do, Jackie answered: "I don't care, so long as I can act with Wally Beery."

ALL during the time I was lunching with Wally at the Brown Derby I had evidence of the complete mutual devotion between him and his adopted baby. He fed her from his own plate and he let her help herself to whatever she could grab from the table. Only when she reached over and picked a slice of egg from my salad did he feel it necessary to rebuke her—and that with the gentlest sort of pat on her hand and a mild "Mustn't do that, baby."

But it was enough to bring tears to the child's eyes and a pathetic quiver to her lips. Wally couldn't bear it. He hastily kissed her hand, his own eyes suspiciously misty.

"Okay now," the baby said, flashing him a smile.

And when, with my permission, she decked herself out in my fur scarf and powdered herself from my vanity case, Wally wore a grin a mile wide.

"If you've got all you want," he said to me, "I'll run along now and take the kid to the ten-cent store; I think she ought to have a pocketbook of her own and some kind of a cheap fur thing for her neck, don't you?"

I watched him pilot her across the street and head in the direction of the ten-cent store.

For hours afterward the warm human glow of the man remained with me. He was so authentic. So hundred-per-cent real.

It is hard to realize that he earns a weekly salary of five thousand dollars. For he has kept an almost childlike simplicity and honesty. He has maintained with stubborn persistence the independence and crude strength of his mind. Poverty, struggles, tragedy did not daunt him. Neither will success.

THE END

a last minute reminder for VACATIONISTS!

Are you planning a vacation this year? Fine! It's a splendid investment in health! But remember that different cooking — different water — irregular hours will probably throw you "off-schedule" temporarily.

Ex-Lax is a pleasant, gentle laxative for every member of the family. It is the perfect laxative for vacation time — and every other time!

Ex-Lax is gentle because it doesn't gripe or upset digestion. Effective because it works *overnight without over-action.*

So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days — take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax. You'll find Ex-Lax is a mighty good traveling companion. Not bulky or messy. Easy to carry. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes.

When Nature forgets — remember Ex-Lax!

A WORD OF CAUTION!

Success breeds envy! Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some imitations *sound* like Ex-Lax! But there is only one *genuine* Ex-Lax. Watch for the exact spelling — E-X-L-A-X. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
SAFE EFFECTIVE GENTLE
TASTES LIKE CHOCOLATE

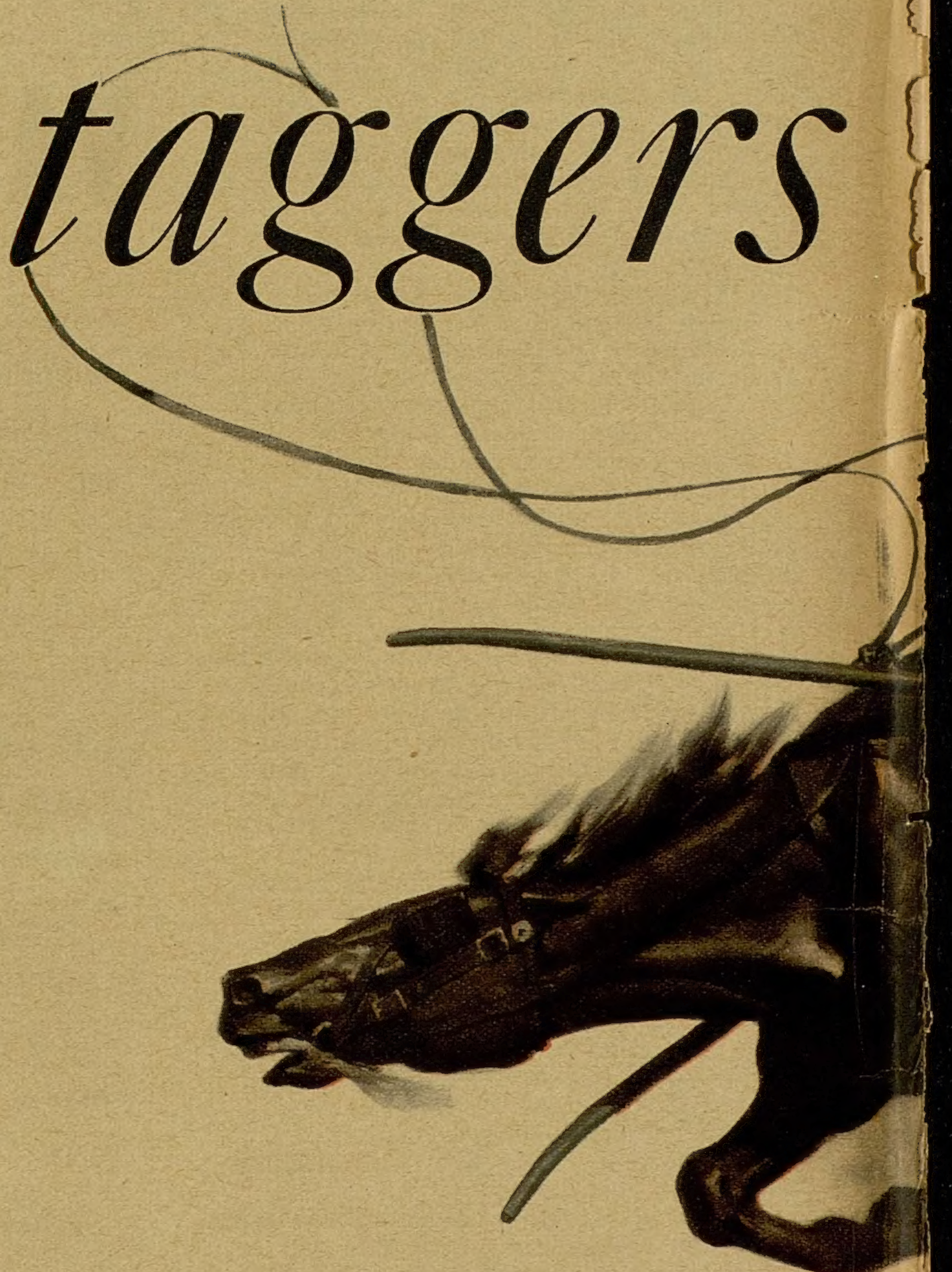
keep "regular" with EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Blind Staggers

A Drama of Strange
Would You Call It a Story of
Killer or the Tale of an

Illustrations by
JOHN FALTER



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EITHER I was to blame for his death or it was accidental. That's a point I never settled in my own mind. But he was an awful mean man. He's buried in the cemetery. I paid sixty dollars for his headstone. Just the other day I gave a dollar and fifty cents more to have it set plumb again after the grave settled. His folks are so shiftless and ornery they wouldn't put a marker on him. I went down in my pocket and satisfied the undertaker, too. It didn't seem fair to the taxpayers to have his funeral charged up to the town when I'd been the cause of it.

Of course I didn't kill him with my own hands. I couldn't have done that even if I'd had a mind to. He was twenty-five years younger than me. Besides, he was so big and strong he could have busted me in two the best day I ever lived. And I didn't hire him killed. I never heard of a case exactly like it.

There wasn't any lawing trouble over it. Folks who suspicioned me must have figured I'd done the correct thing.

The idea of him dead don't bother me any more except when I've been working alone for quite a spell. I need someone to talk with since it happened. I keep a hired man now, more for company than for the work I get out of him. It ain't healthy for a man to be too solitary, especially when he's holding something on his mind.

I've told myself a million times that anyone with a heart in them would have soured against the fellow just as I done. But all the same I can't throw the harness on my team without thinking of Jim Wilson. Horses started the trouble between us.

He was Gizzard Wilson's boy. This Jim was the third of about a dozen. Chicken thieves always seem to have big families.

Jim was in the navy for a while, but they sent him home before his time was out, with a dishonorable paper for a discharge. There was a joke about it at the store. "We give him to our country but our country give him back," was the way they said it.

I heard the talk about him, but I didn't pay attention. A man with a hundred eighty acres and fifteen head of cows to milk twice a day don't have time to bother with the Wilson tribe, not if he locks his henhouse regular and keeps a watchdog.

Jim worked here and there by fits and starts. Then I heard he'd bought him a team. That was five years ago in March.

The mud was deep, thawing days and freezing nights. The milk truck couldn't collect except along the improved roads. I had to carry my cans down to the Corners every morning to meet the truck. The going was so bad that I drove a team on my democrat wagon, with the milk loaded in back.

On this morning, as I broke over Indian Hill going down, I met Jim Wilson coming up.

He was standing on the butts of a load of poles, his feet spread apart to balance himself when his wagon jolted. It was a raw day but he didn't wear no cap. His greasy yellow hair needed cutting bad. He wore a dirty plaid shirt, like pictures of the lumberjacks up north. It was unbuttoned at the throat. The legs of his corduroy pants was tucked into the tops of his rubber boots. One of his front teeth was gold and the other was broke off.

For a whip he'd riveted a piece of pump chain to an old tug strap. He was yelling like a reservation squaw, "Hi-up! Hi-up! Hi-up!" And with every "hi" he swung that flail on them poor critters he was driving. It was a heavy load even if the going had been good. The six phone poles he'd piled on would have been a-plenty for any four horses I know.

I didn't want to speak to none of that Wilson tribe. But when he turned up that steep pitch by the schoolhouse, I couldn't stand it no longer.

"Whoa!" I says sharp.

My own team stopped, bracing themselves. His horses stopped too. They was panting so you could see it on their flanks.

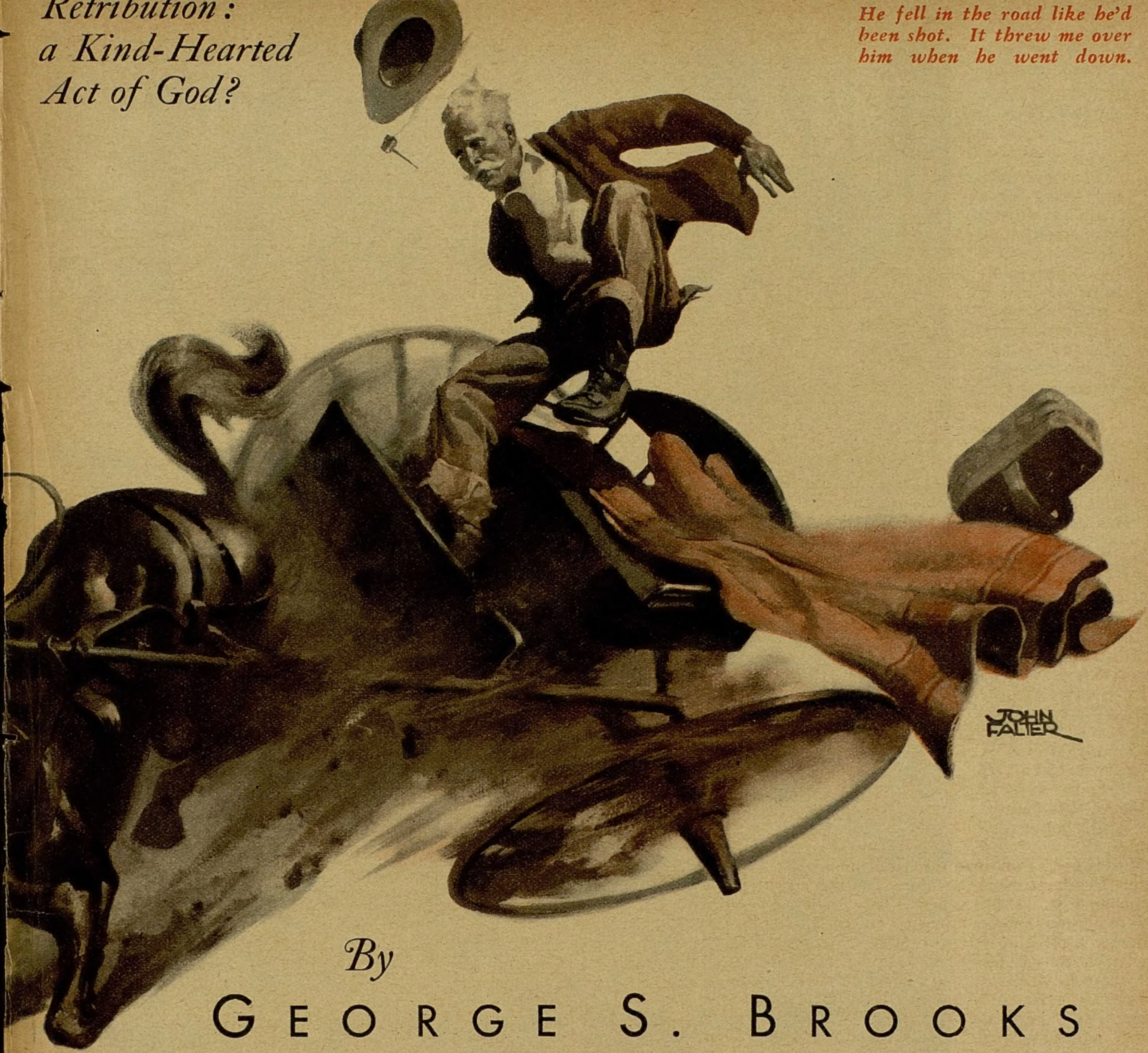
"Get up!" he yelled and made to swing his chain.

"Whoa!" I says again.

He turned around. "Who whoaded me?"

"I did."

Retribution: a Kind-Hearted Act of God?



He fell in the road like he'd been shot. It threw me over him when he went down.

By

GEORGE S. BROOKS

He was mad. I reached under my lap robe for a bull stick that happened to be in the wagon. That would have been my only chance if he'd got his hands on me.

"What's th' idea of drivin' my team, you old fool?" he asked.

"I've driven teams for a good many years. Your pair is doin' their best. They're doin' better than their best. Breathe 'em. Let 'em catch their wind. This hill is a horse killer. Block your wheel and rest 'em."

"Rest hell!" He spat at me through his broken tooth. "This is a contract job. Hi-up!"

RIGHT then I'd have give my farm, stock and tools throwed in, to have been a James J. Jeffries for about five minutes. I wanted to yank him down off his perch and give him a good dose of his own medicine. There are times when a little man despises himself just for being little.

He swung the chain down on his bays' flanks. The poor beasts dug their calks in the gummy clay and strained over the rise, their noses reaching for the ground like beagle dogs.

I watched 'em go. There wasn't a thing I could do about it. It lay on my mind and spoiled my appetite for dinner. I made inquiries and found out he was working for the phone company. The dirt roads over the hill was too slippery for the trucks. So they'd promised him two shilling apiece for each pole he hauled up to where the construction gang was setting them before they strung the wire.

It's peculiar how things will stick in your head just like pictures in a book. Your brain seems like a book that's been read a lot. It will open of itself, always at the same place.

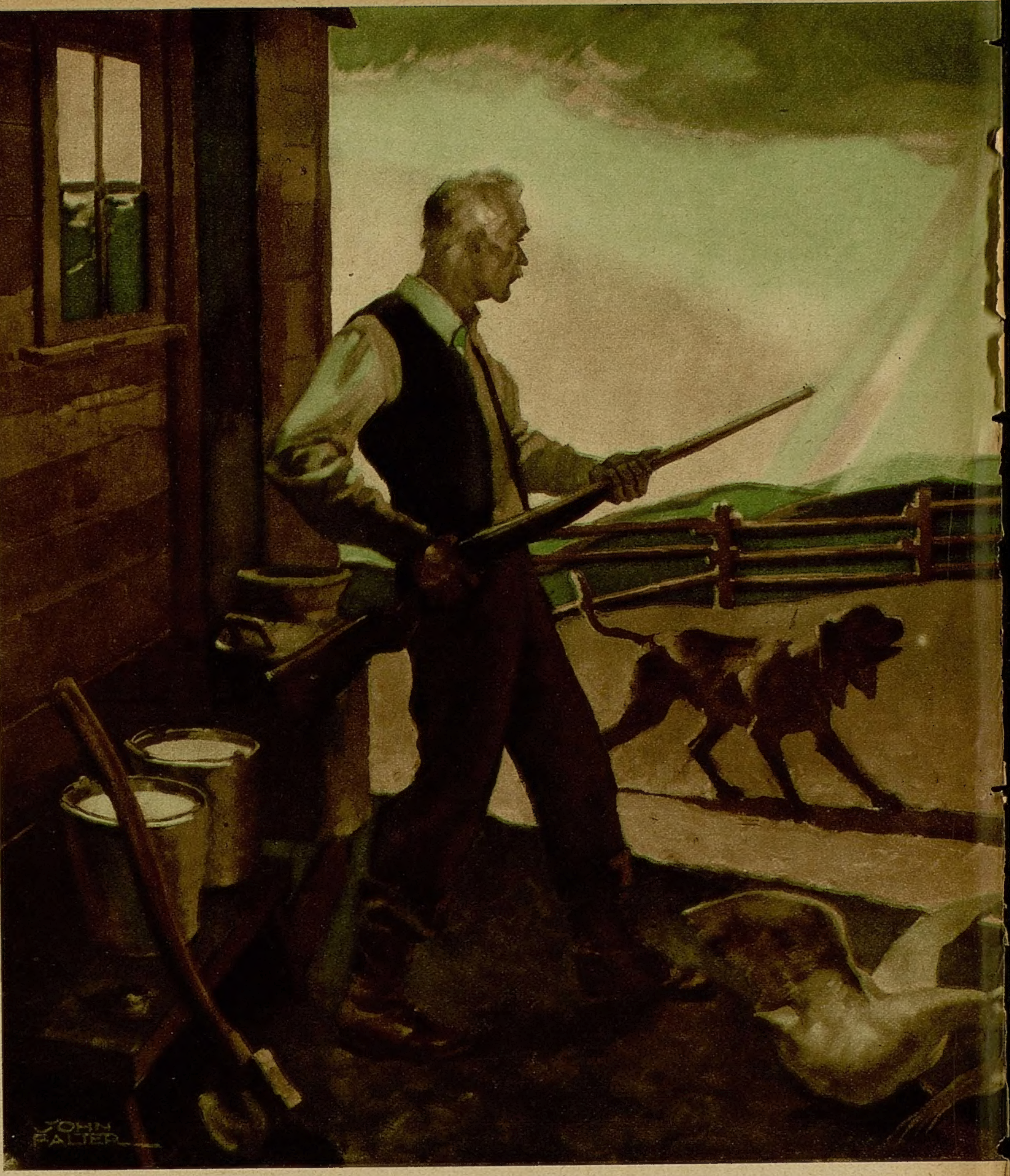
That was the way with me. A dozen times a day I'd picture him and his horses as they looked crawling over the schoolhouse rise.

It worried me considerable.

I stood it for a couple of weeks. When it didn't wear itself out I says to myself, "There ain't no sense in your letting this thing drive you crazy. Either forget it or do something to stop it. There's a law on the statute books in black and white. Let Jim Wilson have a taste of it."

So I went down to Ben Langdon's. He's justice of the peace. "Ben," I said, "I've come to swear out a warrant."

He was bucking wood and glad of an excuse to stop. "Let's us step in by the fire. We can set down and smoke comfortable. I'll try to accommodate you with any kind



"You're plenty close enough," I said. "Get back in your buggy and get off my property before I do somethin'."

of a warrant you want. You been payin' your taxes for a good many years without no return on your money except a higher assessment and more taxes." Ben is a funny-spoken man and well thought of in the neighborhood. "So"—he winked at me—"the law's right here at your disposal. What can I help you to? Assaults, batteries, or larcenies?"

"Ben, this here is a case of cruelty to animals."

"Um-m-m-m." His face lengthened out. "Cruelty to animals, now. That's a hard one to prove to a jury, even when everybody knows it's so."

I ALLOWED I didn't think it would be so hard to prove in this case.

"Well," he agreed finally, "I got the authority to issue such a warrant all right enough. And you got the right to demand it off me, if you swear to the information. That's clear as window glass. The devil of it is, neighbor, you have the reputation for bein' tender-hearted. That's nothin' against you, understand. But I want to warn you that, while folks will sympathize with you in the open, behind your back they won't be in no hurry to convict on your say-so. They'll take it you exaggerate."

"I can get witnesses," I said.

"All right." He seen I was set on it. So he found a printed blank, dipped his pen in the ink, and dated it. "Who do you want arrested?"

"Jim Wilson."

He gave a long whistle and put down his pen.

"You know him, don't you, Ben?"

"Yes, I know him." He swore like the whole Wilson family. It was vicious cursing.

"You don't think I'm going off half cocked now, do you, Ben?"

"No," he agreed. "That coot ought to be in jail. If I had my way he'd be put somewhere for life."

"All right," I said. "Let's make a start."

But he sat still at his desk, staring at the paper. "Ab"—he spoke very low, as if he was ashamed to hear himself—"you can kick me around my smokehouse if you've a mind to, but I won't issue that warrant."

"Why not?"

He didn't look up. "My straw stack is too close to my barn, that's why."

"You think that Wilson gang might set your place on fire?"

He nodded.

"That's arson."

"Not unless you catch them at it. If you don't catch 'em, it's careless smoking or kids playing with matches or an act of God."

"Have you any reason to believe they'd burn you out if they took a notion that way?"

"Well," he said, "do you remember when Ken Smith had old man Wilson in court for chicken stealing? Sure you do. Ken lost his house and barn, didn't he?"

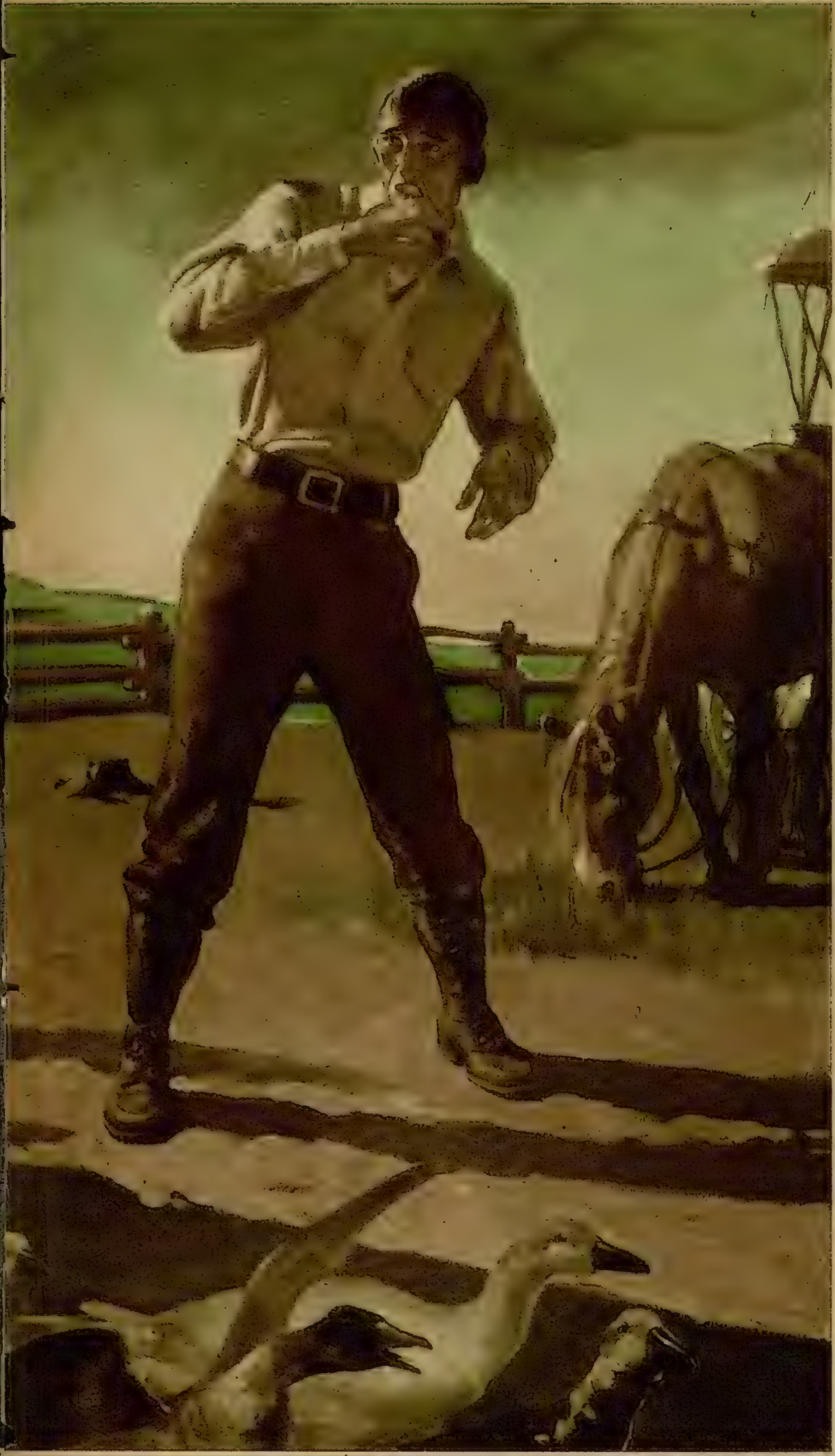
"Lightnin' storm."

"The hired man smelled smoke before the storm."

I recalled some such talk, now that Ben refreshed my memory.

"And Uncle Horace. He turned two of them younger Wilson boys over to the sheriff for petit larceny and malicious mischief, didn't he? Well, Uncle Horace's hay shed made a nice blaze not two weeks after it."

"Green hay. Spontaneous combustion."



"Maybe." Ben's tone was doubtful. "But the dog was barkin' like a fool half an hour before they discovered the fire."

I'd heard gossip at the time, but I hadn't connected it with the Wilsons.

"NO, Ab. Insurance costs too much to monkey with a Wilson. Besides, you can't insure farm buildings for more than half their value. You're welcome to borrow any damned thing I got on the place, and if you don't want to bring it back it's yourn. But don't ask me to snarl up with Gizzard Wilson's tribe. I'm goin' to forget you was seekin' this warrant. My advice to you is, go home and do the same."

It was well meant, but it just made me stubborn.

It run along a week or ten days and, try my best, I couldn't put Jim Wilson's team out of my mind. The idea kept pricking me like a sliver in my finger.

One night after supper, when I was carrying the milk from the cow stable to the milk house, Wilson drove into my yard. He had a sorrel mare hitched to a top buggy. She was plastered with mud from her forelock to the braid of her tail. He'd put her over the road like he was going for the doctor. As he pulled up by the milk house you could see the welts his lash had raised on her back. She was panting.

"Now, you old so-and-so," said Jim Wilson, using the vilest name he knew, "we're a-goin' to have this out here and now."

He jumped out of his buggy.

He looked uglier than a snake robbing a bird's nest. As he come towards me I set down my pails and backed up to the door. To meet his eyes I had to look up. Jim must have stood a full eight inches taller than me.

"I'll learn you to run to the boss!" he said. "I'll learn you to get me fired!"

He was close to me by this time, opening and shutting his big paws. You could see his fingers itching to grab hold of me.

It's a good half mile to my next neighbor's and he figured he could do anything he liked without being interrupted at it.

"Jim Wilson," I told him, "when I made my complaint against you, I told the phone manager he was to inform you what was said and who said it. I don't want you or any of your relations burnin' a neighbor's barn for somethin' I done."

"What's that?" It stopped him when I said "burn."

"You heard and you know what I mean."

"You'll eat crow for sayin' it!" He reached his hand towards me.

I BACKED inside the milk house. My shotgun was standing there, loaded. I'd been keeping it handy, and my big dog was loose every night, too.

I threw the muzzle of the shotgun into his face and I slipped the safety catch.

"You're plenty close enough," I said.

Jim stopped and kind of come to attention. He was big in body, but his insides was tiny, like any sneak's.

"Listen," I warned him further. "If you open your mouth I'll fill it with buckshot."

He stood there, too scared of me to be mad.

"If I have a fire here," I said, "I'll know where to look for the cause of it. Plenty of honest people has heard you braggin' and threatenin'. There's eleven foxes' pelts tacked up on the side of that grain barn. Your pelt," I told him, "would make an even dozen. But I'll take down them foxes' hides before I put yours up, out of respect to them. Get back in your buggy and off my property before I do somethin' in self-defense!"

He slunk off like a whipped dog.

I slipped on the safety catch, put away my gun, strained my milk and cooled it. "Ab," I said to myself, "you better look out now! You certainly borrowed trouble."

Probably it was my reputation for hitting what I shot at that kept him away—that and my dog at night. Various parties told me he was talking against me. But talk is cheap as weed seed. I heard he was trading horses for a living. He'd started with that team of bays. They wasn't worth shoeing when he let them go. He'd used them up on the phone job.

Then he owned that sorrel mare he drove into my yard.

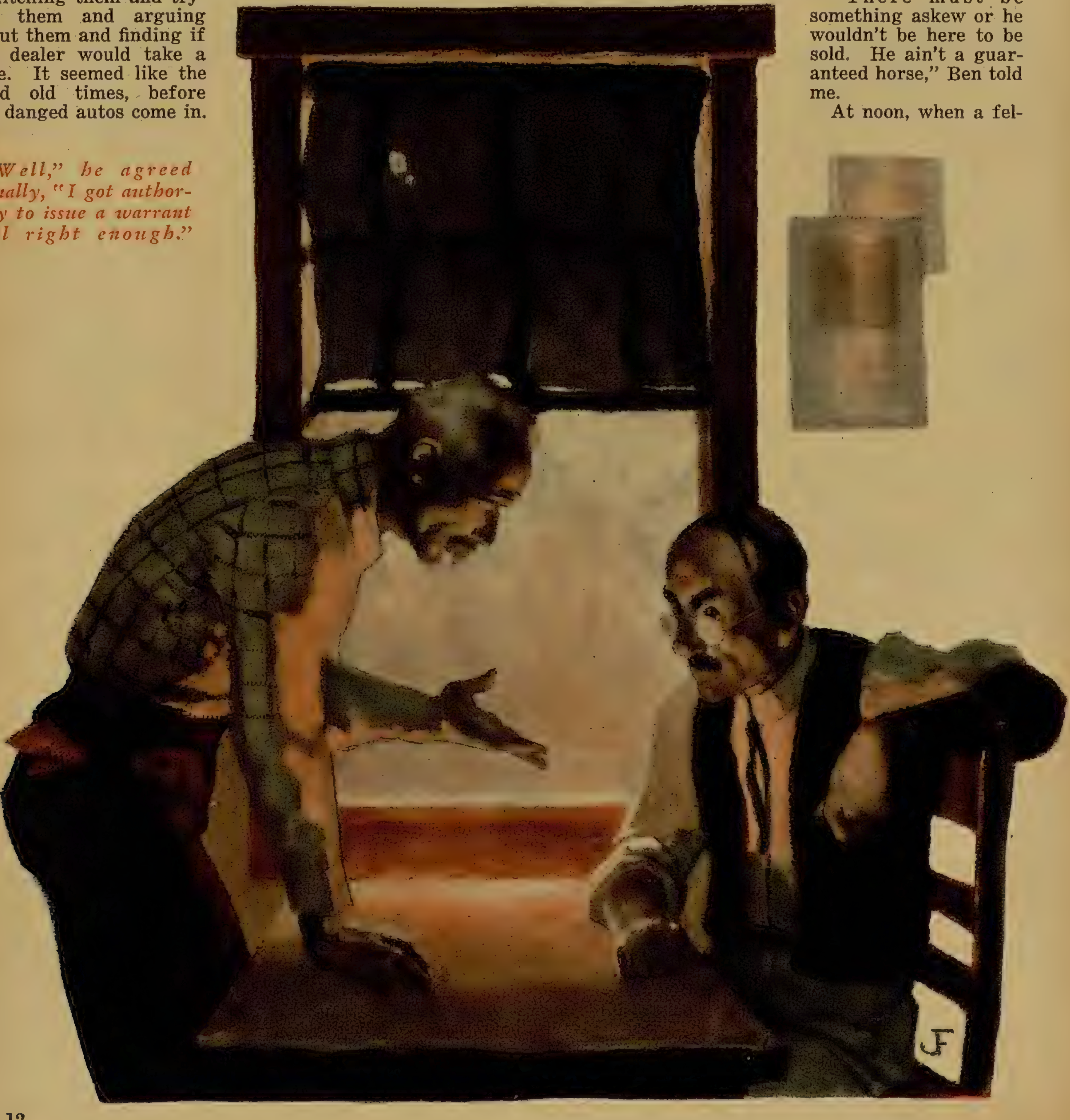
Decoration by
L. M. WHITNEY

He swapped her for a kicker. The kicker he let go toward a mustang that hadn't never been broke. You see, every deal he made left him with less horse, but he'd always got a few dollars to boot. The money in his pocket give him the notion he was getting ahead.

You can't be thrifty horse dealing that way. The cute ones go at it from the other side. They start in with a nag that didn't cost them anything and is worth just what it cost. They swap along, bettering themselves on every dicker if they can, until they finally get a beast they can sell. But that takes judgment and patience.

Things run on until May, when a sale of Western horses was advertised for the Fair Grounds. A dealer from Pennsylvania signed the auction bill. It said twenty-five head would be sold to the highest bidder. Some of them was farm teams which the dealer guaranteed, and some was to be put up "as was." That meant you took your chances if you bid them in. I didn't aim to buy anything, but I'd been keeping close to my spring work and I thought I could stand a day off.

I got there a couple of hours before the sale begun, just to have an opportunity to look things over. The place was busier than fair week. Men were hitching up horses and unhitching them and trying them and arguing about them and finding if the dealer would take a note. It seemed like the good old times, before the danged autos come in.



"Well," he agreed finally, "I got authority to issue a warrant all right enough."

A man was driving around the half-mile track and one look told me it was Jim Wilson.

He was driving a black horse on a light sulky. After I see that horse I couldn't look at another. His ears were laid flat. He traveled like a racer, foaming at the bit and lathering gray beneath the straps. When you realized the time he was making around that track, you knew a horse had gone by.

I felt like raising my cap to him. There was blood in his veins. There's five hundred years of breeding behind a leg action like his.

Since Jim Wilson was driving him he was traveling under a whip. I stood at the rail wondering how many more horses God would let him spoil. I hated the dealer for trusting him with the black.

Ben Langdon come over to where I was. "Noticin' that black, was you?" he asked me.

"Notice him?" I says. "A stinkin' gasoline engine would notice him."

"All horse, he is," Ben nodded. "I wonder what's wrong with him. His wind's good. He done a mile without being breathed."

"He looks pretty good to me."

"There must be something askew or he wouldn't be here to be sold. He ain't a guaranteed horse," Ben told me.

At noon, when a fellow was selling me coffee and doughnuts before the auctioning commenced, I noticed Jim Wilson talking intimate with the dealer. They was standing in a corner, thicker than a blackberry patch. When I looked at them they was both looking at me. I wondered what Jim Wilson was saying.

When the black was led into the bidding ring I elbowed closer.

"You see him, a gelding, nine years old. Frankly, gentlemen, he's offered as he stands only because we don't know his history. But he don't need any pedigree sheet. His breeding is written all over him!" The auctioneer was slick. He talked faster than most folks could think, which was what he was paid for.

I didn't have no intention of bidding. But right across the ring from me stood Jim Wilson, meaner and dirtier than ever. "Fifty dollars," he says very loud.

"Thank you, sir. Fifty I have. Where's the seventy-five?"

All of a sudden I found myself nodding to the auctioneer. I liked that black horse. I couldn't bear to think of Jim bidding him in.

Jim raised me five and I come right back with five more. So it went until Jim had offered a hundred fifty.

"What do you say, sir?" asked the auctioneer.

I didn't know just what to say. A hundred and fifty-five dollars is a lot of money to spend, just to humor yourself, when wheat don't fetch enough to pay the taxes on the land where it grows. I felt Ben Langdon nudge me in the ribs. "Let him have that horse," Ben whispered. "If he's worth more'n what Jim's bid, they wouldn't be sellin' him here to this crowd."

I knew that just as well as Ben did. But it puckered me inside to think of Jim Wilson drawing a rein over that black again.

"Goin' over here for a hundred and fifty dollars," cried the auctioneer for the last time. "Going—going—"

It was more than I could stomach. "Fifty-five," I said. The horse was struck off to me.

Even then I ought to have smelled skunk under the deal and refused to claim my bargain. For when I bid the last time Jim didn't look mad, like he would have if I'd taken something away from him. He kind of grinned and turned away.

I guess my mind was all on the horse. For fifty years I'd wanted to ride behind an animal that looked just like the black. I'd wanted to walk into my stable mornings and see a thoroughbred in my box stall.

I named him Black Knight. When I was a kid in school I read a book called Ivanhoe. It sort of struck my fancy that if I ever owned a thoroughbred that was black or even a real dark bay I'd call him Black Knight after a character in this book who turned out to be a king. Of course in those days I didn't expect I'd be an old man before I owned such a horse.

HE was in poor flesh, Black Knight was, when I led him home. I put him in the box stall, and after I'd done my chores and milking I set there watching him by lantern light until eleven o'clock, so he'd have plenty of time to cool off and quiet down. Then I watered him and give him four quarts of screened oats.

"A year from now," I promised him, "you'll be a different-lookin' hoss. You won't feel different, because that thoroughbred spark's inside you. I don't have to build up your spirit. Your sires and grandsires and dams and granddams have done that. But, by cracky, I can fill out the hollows between your ribs."

That's what I said to him, and he nuzzled me. He'd had good care sometime in his life. He was mannered like a dancing teacher.

Black Knight seemed all I thought him. I grained him middling heavy to build him up. I let my cultivating wait while I stripped off the barb wire from around the south pasture and stretched more than two hundred rods of brand-new fencing. He wouldn't run no chance of cutting himself when I turned him out to grass.

On Saturday night I curried and groomed him real careful. Then I hitched him to a two-wheeled gig to go down after my groceries. When he hit the road, with those four days of good feed and care and rest behind him, I was traveling.

It happened right by the culvert over Stony Brook. I noticed Black Knight's head going from side to side, as if there was a horsefly on his chops. He missed a step, but he hadn't stumbled. It was a smooth road there. I reined him in, but not quick enough, for I wasn't expecting anything.

He fell in the road like he'd been shot dead. It threw me over him when he went down, barking his knees and cracking the gig into kindling wood. I landed ten feet away on the gravelly shoulder of the road.

Black Knight got up and snorted. But I was stunned-like in mind and body. Still lying there I wondered if his knees would be scarred permanent.

He didn't try to walk away but stood nuzzling me. You see, we'd grown to like each other already. He tried to tell me he was sorry he'd had the spell.

It was blind staggers, of course. It's what a horse has that's like epilepsy in a human. No wonder I'd bought him for a quarter of a thoroughbred's price! My Black Knight wasn't worth ten dollars.

It's a state's-prison offense to sell a horse that's afflicted that way, on account of so many people has been hurt when their horses dropped over with a seizure. But I couldn't have the law on the horse dealer, because the auctioneer had said they offered him "as was" and weren't able to furnish his history.

WHEN I finally got on my feet I found there were no bones broken, but my right wrist hurt like the mischief from a bad sprain. I led Black Knight home and put him in the barn. Then I hooked my old team to the wagon and drove back to pick up the wreckage.

The next morning, which was Sunday, I'd just finished my milking when Ben Langdon come over. I was late because it's slow work stripping out fifteen cows with one hand, and my right wrist ached when I moved it.

"Drove the black yet?" was the first thing Ben asked.

"Why?"

"Don't," he says. "Don't you put him in a harness. That horse has the staggers. Jim Wilson was full of cider last night. He bragged to my hired man that he'd settled your hash. He's been lookin' for a way to get even with you. Jim was in cahoots with the horse dealer. They figured if you seen Jim bidding on the black you'd buy him in to keep Jim from havin' him, just like you done."

"Jim Wilson ain't smart enough to look that far ahead."

"But the horse dealer was."

I remembered then how the dealer and Jim was looking at me and whispering between themselves while I ate my coffee and doughnuts before the sale commenced.

My pride was touched. I hated folks saying I'd been took over on a horse deal. "I don't believe it, Ben," I said, "but I'm obliged to you for telling me. I'll turn the black out to pasture and observe him."

"You'll be hurt if you ain't careful, Ab."

"I'll be careful. Give you my word on that. But you'll see me behind my thoroughbred yet, going hell-for-'lection down the road."

I shooed Ben out of my yard before he had a chance to look at Black Knight's cut knees or to notice the wreckage of the gig laying there in the wagon. I kept my right hand in my pocket so the bandage on the wrist wouldn't show. I made up my mind no one would ever find out what had happened.

Science says there's no cure for the staggers. But that doesn't mean they can't be helped by the proper treatment. I put my horse on a bran diet with a tablespoon of baking soda in his feed three times a day. An animal with that disease is always acid in his system. The soda helps to balance things, just as the right kind of food will ward off fits in a man.

By August, Black Knight's knees was healed, although the scars showed white hairs. He looked fine as silk and felt like a colt. I dyed the scar hairs until you couldn't notice a blemish on him. His eyes was bright. He was a regular picture of a horse.

One day I hitched him up and drove him to the Corners. I want to tell you he made folks stop and look.

Of course I was chancing a spill. You might say I took my life in my hands whenever I rode behind him. But it was my own neck I risked. I never asked nobody to ride with me.

I figured to drive him for a while, just long enough to make sure everyone who knew horses was envying me my bargain. Then I could put him out of the way humanely and give out he'd broke his leg and had to be shot. In that case I'd have my neighbors' sympathy instead of being laughed at for a doddering old fool.

But the thing that never entered my head at the time was the effect this had on Jim Wilson.

When nothing happened to me, week after week, he come to the conclusion that the horse dealer was mistaken and the black hadn't never had the staggers after all. That idea galled him.

Along the fore part of November, as I was husking corn in the south lot, I heard a rustling in the sumac bushes behind the Widow Halstead's line fence. I didn't suspect anything serious. Like as not one of her heifers was coming over for a meal of my fodder.

I bent over to pick up an ear of corn that had dropped off the stook, when, right behind me from the bushes, come a "Bang—bang!"

It was both barrels of a shotgun. The shot and the wadding hit the stook above me.

"Hi!" I yelled. "Be careful there!" My first idea was that some fool hunter had heard me rustling the corn and mistook me for a pheasant.

But I didn't get no answer.

On my hands and knees I crawled around so that the corn stook was between him and me. I dodged from stook to stook until I was out of range. Then I high-tailed for the house. I called Ben Langdon on the phone and told him what had happened.

"I'll go down to the Corners and inquire," Ben promised. "You stay around your house until you hear from me."

After a while he drove in. "Jim Wilson was out after rabbits this morning," Ben said. "He has a twelve-gauge double-barreled hammerless."

I handed Ben one of the wads I'd picked up.

"I know," Ben said. "But the trouble is, there are plenty of other guns that this wadding might have come out of, too."

"Hasn't he made his brag he'd make me sorry?" I asked.

"Yes," Ben agreed. "But he's such a liar he can swear he never does anything he says."

"What am I to do? Sell out and move to China to be quit of the critter?"

Ben hemmed a little. "You might—I don't s'pose you would, but you might sell that black horse. I think it's the idea of you having the beast that riles Jim so. You can make three hundred on him easy as pie," said Ben. "Ask five hundred dollars for him and take four fifty."

"I'd consider five," I called after him as he left.

That was the story Ben told around the Corners. Only he thought he'd help me make a sale by adding that I'd been offered four hundred and was holding out for more.

One night it blew up a cold west rain. Tomorrow, thinks I, tomorrow I'll dispose of Black Knight.

I went to bed early. Because it was storming so I let the dogs sleep in the house. I hated to get wet taking them to the barn.

I'd had quite a sleep when the big dog roused me by his whimpering. "No, Shep; it ain't time to get up yet," I told him. But he only whimpered more.

"Charge," I ordered, and turned over and dozed off again.

It was still dark when I woke for morning. I started the wood fire in the kitchen stove and put on the teakettle to make my coffee. Then I took my milk pails on one arm and my lantern in the other hand to go to the barn. The old dog was growling.

The first thing I noticed that wasn't as it should be was the door to the stable standing wide open.

There was a pile of straw lying on the plank floor. I'd never put it there. I hung up the lantern and stuck a pitchfork in the litter. As I turned it over I found some charred newspaper beneath it. Someone had tried to set my buildings afire—started a smudge with damp paper and put some dry straw over it. But the straw had smothered it out because the fire bug didn't wait long enough for the blaze to get going.

That's what the dog had been trying to tell me in the night.

When I seen that I was safe in spite of everything, that no damage had been done after all, I noticed Black Knight wasn't there.

We figured it out this way. When Jim Wilson heard I was asking five hundred dollars for the horse, he knew he couldn't raise a quarter of that money to buy the beast honest. So he made up his mind he'd have Black Knight anyhow, and stole him from my barn. He intentioned to cover up his tracks by setting a fire in my buildings.

There was a delay in notifying the sheriff and the state troopers, for my phone wires was cut, too. But it didn't make no difference.

For some school kids found the thief and the horse where they'd crashed through the guard fence at that bad turn in the Upper Gulf Road and dropped sixty foot to the creek. The fall killed them both.

It was easy for me to see what had happened. Jim, with no thought except to get away before I noticed the fire, had run the black horse cruel. Being high-lived, Black Knight went on and on until he keeled over.

You could argue that Jim Wilson's death was an act of God. The man stole what killed him. But I practiced a deception when I pretended the horse was sound. I incline towards admitting I was guilty. But there's this in my favor: Jim Wilson was an awful mean man!

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Japan Puts Her Cards On the Table

An explanation and a challenge by the man who walked out on the League of Nations

YOSUKE MATSUOKA

Also stories and articles by

Cyril Hume—Jay Franklin and Senator John H. Bankhead—Matt Taylor—Captain George R. Pond—Anna Roosevelt Dall and others

TWENTY QUESTIONS

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1—What were the Delectable Mountains?

2—From what was the name Wisconsin derived?

3—In what year did Canada purchase the Hudson's Bay Company's title to the Northwest Territories?

4—What is the capital of British Guiana?

5—How long is the Trans-Siberian Railroad?

6—What is an atoll?

7—What is the mean diameter of Mars?

8—What are the parotid glands?

9—What is a gaur?

10—From what is the political term "bloc" derived?

11—Who was Michael William Balfe?

12—Where is Oberammergau?

13—What was the Wyoming Massacre?

14—When was Napoleon crowned emperor of France?

15—Where is Transjordania?

16—What Canadian province has the largest Indian population?

17—Where was Delphi?

18—What is the meaning of the term *raison d'état?*

19—Who was Rupert Brooke?

20—Who was called the wisest fool in Christendom?

(Answers will be found on page 31)

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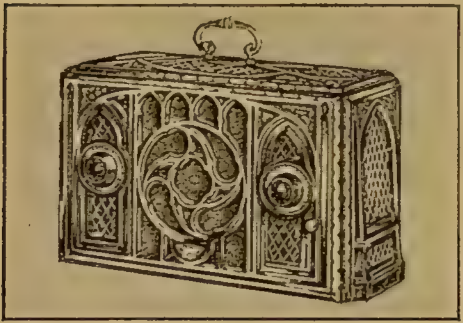

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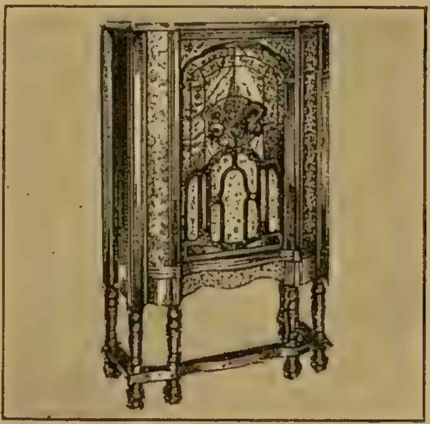

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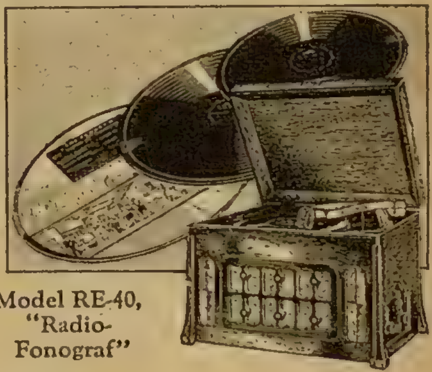

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The Amazing True Story
of a Pilgrimage of Terror
through Asia

STILL

By

GEORGEI BELOFF

as told to

H. BEDFORD-JONES

Illustrations by HENRY ALAN

(Reading time: 20 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE real name of the teller of this true story is known to Liberty. In Soviet Russia he is believed to be dead. For precautionary reasons he remains so officially, and has therefore assumed the name of Georgei Beloff. As appeared in the opening installment last week, he is a scion of a noble and distinguished Russian family, was born in 1900, and at sixteen left a military school to fight in the World War on the Russian-German front. A year later he became a member of the Czar's bodyguard.

In the Red revolution Beloff's parents were killed and his young wife driven to suicide. He himself escaped into eastern Siberia and joined the White army of Ataman Semenoff. That leader sent him westward on a mission to Admiral Kolchak, with whom he remained and with whom he was captured when the admiral was, as he says, betrayed.

Beloff was tried by the Reds and condemned, and on his twentieth birthday, February 22, 1920, near the village of Krasnoyarsk, he was taken out with others and was shot, riddled with bullets. By chance, the one that would have pierced his heart was robbed of its force. The Reds and their Chinese executioners left him for dead.

A peasant named Baranoff took him to his hut, extracted the bullets, and cared for him. He told Baranoff he was called by a nickname, White Wings. After two months he and Baranoff set out, hoping to reach China or Tibet by way of Mongolia, though the country around them swarmed with enemies. Their start being precipitated by a Red search for White refugees, they went to a hut of Baranoff's on the banks of the Yenesei. There they were found by two Red troopers, but they killed both and secured their horses, arms, and supplies.

Beloff injured his left hand, which had been wounded, and it became infected, tormenting him throughout their three nights and two days in the saddle. At length they stumbled upon a clearing with an old log house, in which lived a solitary refugee, Andrei, who had been taking vengeance by torturing and killing Red wayfarers.

Andrei gave Beloff and Baranoff shelter and doctored Beloff's inflamed arm. It developed that Andrei had known both General Petkoff, commander of a division under Semenoff, and Beloff's dearest friend, Scriabin, whom Petkoff had murdered.

The three refugees now planned to strike southward through a pass in which there was a village of devil worshipers. They hoped to avoid the village under cover of the night. As they were about to start, Andrei slipped from a ladder and fell senseless—and Beloff made the startling discovery that Andrei was a woman.

PART TWO—A DEVIL'S ORGY

THIS same night we sat up late together, Andrei and I. Baranoff was snoring.

I was still stunned by the discovery. A woman! It was incredible. But when she told me something of her past I began to comprehend why she had beaten those two commissars to death with sticks, why she had given over the wreckage of her life, as so many others had done, to the exacting of a terrible vengeance.

Andreana—she did not tell her other name or too many details—had suffered from the Reds. Chiefly from those two commissars. I imagine that she must have loved Scriabin. But she had had a family. They were dead, and she revolted from the very thought of her shame, her tortures, her past. All this, except the memory of Scriabin, was wiped out, shut from her mind.

Well, she had become a man, had become Andrei. She was Polish, as I had suspected. She refused to say whence she came. Presently as we talked she mentioned the name of Scriabin. This name had, as I say, drawn us together.

"He was my best friend," I told her, "even back at military school. We were together at the German front. Then, here in Siberia, he became my commanding officer. He was lieutenant colonel of Semenoff's armored-train division. We were then serving under the command of Baron Ungern. The mad baron was fond of Scriabin, very fond of him. Everyone was except General Petkoff."

"Scriabin was a relative of the great musician of that name," murmured Andrei, as I must continue to call her.

True. I shall tell the story as I told it to her. It is well known how Scriabin died, for it was a famous matter in the army, but few know the truth about it.

Scriabin was dear to me. He was a merry fellow. He used to call me "Skokarev," the name of a timid character in a Dostoievsky novel, because back in those days I was not hard-boiled.

We served under Ungern. This Baron Ungern von Sternberg, a Russian of German descent, was during the early days of the war the bravest of the brave. He served on the Polish front. He was repeatedly wounded by sabers and bullets, was famed for heroism, was decorated, was made general of division. With the revolution, he escaped to Siberia. Here he joined Semenoff and commanded the Dikaia (Wild) Division, a separate unit made up of Cossacks, Mongols, Buriats, and all sorts of desperate adventurers.

However, Baron Ungern had been shell-shocked. If his officers were wild, he was a madman. Ordinarily a courteous gallant gentleman, he became more mad as time went on.

Now I must mention Gypsy Lusha, whose name I change slightly, as she is now married and living in France. Then Lusha was one of Ataman Semenoff's "wives." She was a great-hearted, lovely woman of gypsy blood, an opera singer, free as the wind, afraid of nothing, doing as she pleased. She had joined Semenoff and had come to his headquarters; he was her only refuge from the storm of revolution and disaster, which had caught her while on a concert tour in the Far East.

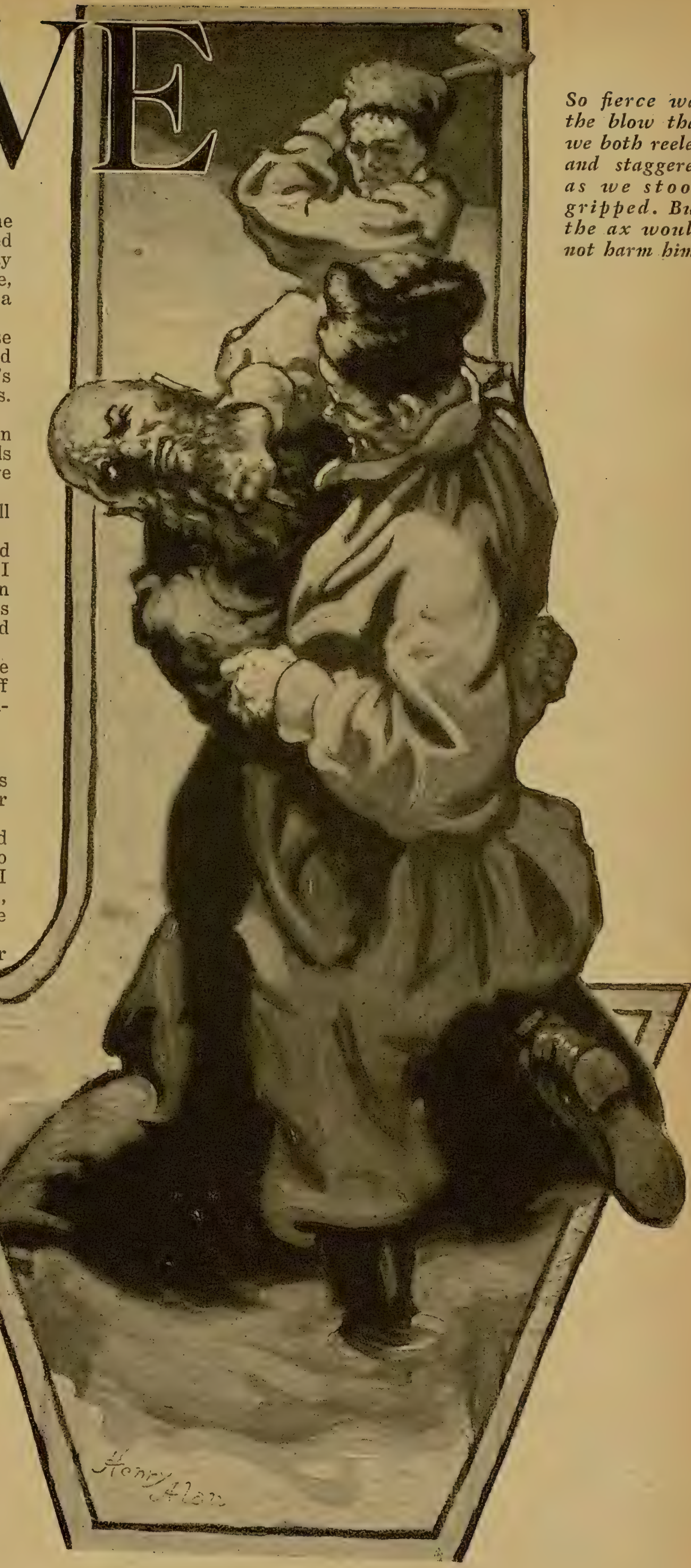
Lusha and I were good friends. On a certain night I took from her wall two pictures of her; I took them away from her laughingly, and still have them. We would talk for hours while Baron Ungern sat watching us with his watery eyes streaked with blood.

Any officer who was in that army will remember Gypsy Lusha, the ataman's favorite.

Scriabin and I, with Colonel Popoff of the staff, lived together. Scriabin was a splendid hard fellow, one who could beat other men at any game—except treachery; that is why he died.

We three learned a great deal about the speculations and peculations of General Petkoff, chief of staff and commandant of the Cossack division. Petkoff hated Scriabin viciously because Scriabin had taken a girl whom Petkoff much desired. In any case Scriabin knew too much and was slated for promotion. I knew too much.

ALIVE



So fierce was the blow that we both reeled and staggered as we stood gripped. But the ax would not harm him!

So did Popoff. Ungern went away on one of his wild, mad trips. Some girls showed up one evening at our quarters—pretty girls. Scriabin and Popoff were there, but I was somewhere else. There was a wild party.

Well, in the middle of the night those girls ran out screaming. Petkoff had been waiting for this. Baron Ungern's orders were very strict about such things. He had his men ready.

He arrested Scriabin and Popoff; when I came back he arrested me too. The girls said I was in on it and I could not prove where I had been.

A hasty court-martial sentenced us all to be shot.

What saved me? Gypsy Lusha learned what was going on. She knew where I had been that night, and she rushed in before the court and told about it. Thus I slipped out of his hands. Scriabin and Popoff were shot.

Baron Ungern came back. He became furious, utterly mad! He struck Petkoff and threatened him with death, but nothing came of it. Petkoff had influence.

This was the story I told Andrei.

SHE crossed herself and closed her eyes for a moment; she was praying for Scriabin. Then she looked at me.

"So that is what happened!" she said slowly. "I never knew how he died. So that is why you want to meet Petkoff! I think you will meet him, as I told you, and before very long; but he will live many years."

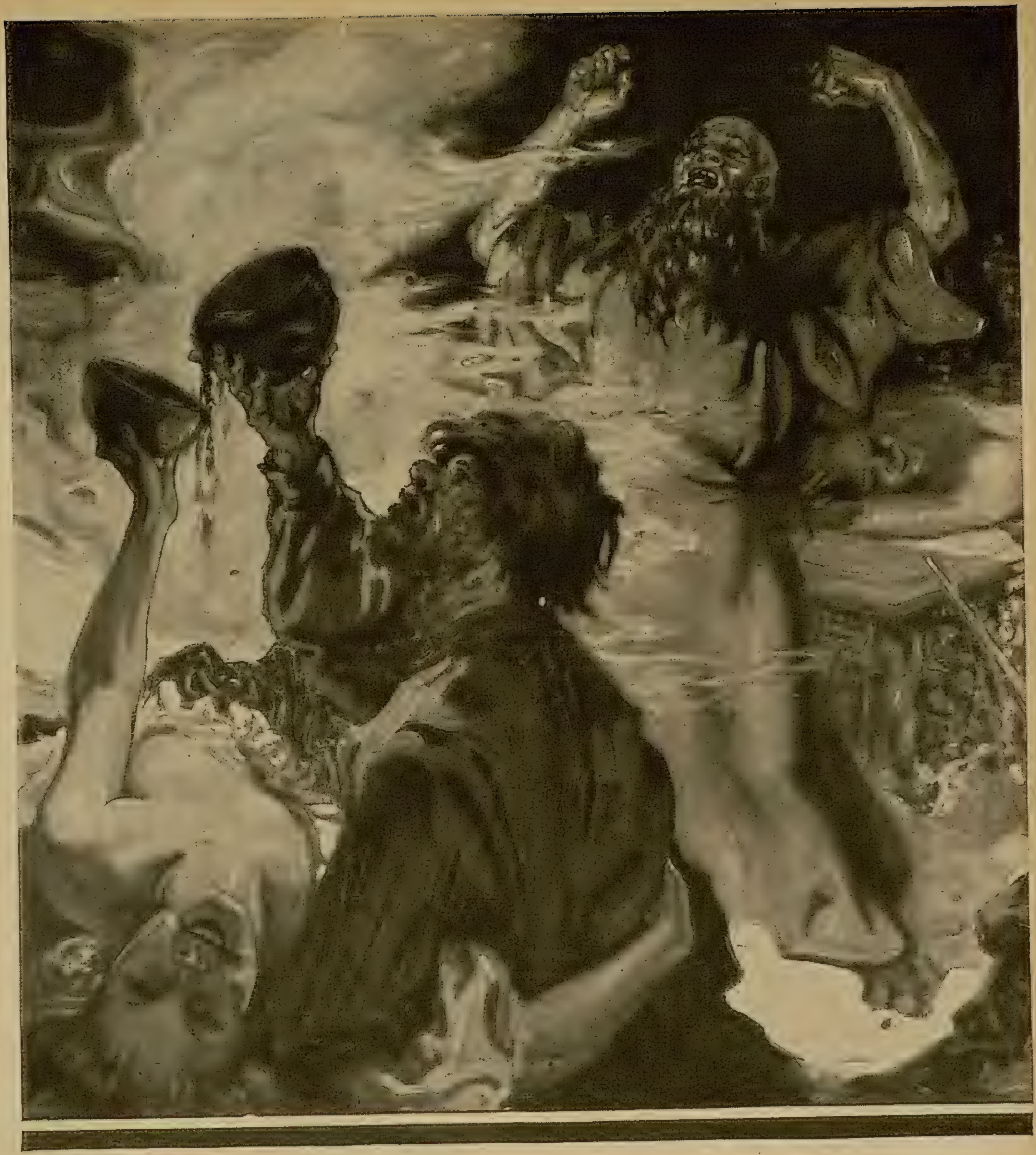
Before daybreak we were off with our horses, and rode hard all that day. If we could get beyond this village of Malmysch, where evil spirits were worshiped, we might either hit due east into Mongolia, some hundreds of miles away, or head straight south across the Sayan and Tannu Ola ranges of mountains into western Mongolia. As we could not possibly get around Malmysch, we resolved to wait and see what information we could pick up there.

Night came. After a time we saw a glare ahead—fires. It was close to midnight when, from the trees, a sharp voice ordered us to halt. A man came forward.

"*Tovarish!* Comrade!" I called aloud. "We are comrades!"

The man saw our uniforms and called his friends. Other men advanced. It was a detach-

In the square I could hear the drunken howls of men and women. Barbarians evoked from the dim past ages!



ment of Red cavalry.

"I am Kurzina Ortov, commissar from Novgorod!" I said boldly. "Here are my papers."

An officer produced a match, glanced at the papers, and embraced me. They sent us on. Now we had no more fear, since we all carried correct papers of dead men.

WE came into the village, where fires were blazing. In the central square were gathered about two hundred people, villagers and Red soldiers.

Commissars led us into a house and gave us food and tea.

"The ceremony does not begin until midnight," said one of them. "Let us talk! Tell us the news from Irkutsk!"

I told them plenty of news which I made up to suit their taste. In return we had information that made our hearts leap. Baron Ungern had broken away from Semenoff. With his Wild Division he had entered Mongolia and captured Urga. White Russians from Kolchak's scattered army were joining him.

Here was tremendous news! I felt my heart straining toward the mad baron. Instantly I had no further idea of circling east and rejoining Semenoff. Somehow we must strike straight to the south, through the mountains!

Loud shouts summoned us out to the square. Baranoff pretended sleep and remained to watch over our horses.

Andrei and I accompanied the officers. My heart pounded; I felt hot waves run through my brain. There on the ground at our feet were three Russians, officers from Kolchak's army. They had just been stabbed.

"Dogs!" I screamed out in fury.

Andrei caught my arm in a terrible grip that recalled me to reason. The officers thought I had referred to the dead men; they slapped me on the back and broke into loud laughs.

"Commissar Ortov is a true patriot!" shouted one. "He cannot look upon White uniforms without flying into rage!"

Just beyond the dead men was a platform, wide and long. A master of ceremonies made a wild, fierce address and went into a frenzy. He was an epileptic. He was tall and broad, almost a giant, with a perfectly bald head and a huge black beard that fell to his waist. His name was Gregory.

His harangue worked up the crowd into an ecstasy of cries and groans. Then two girls were led out, only partly clad. They were dull, frightened, broad-hipped peasant girls, gaping at the men.

There are some things I cannot describe here. This wild, incensed crowd raised howls of sheer madness. People fainted. I stood with cold sweat breaking out from every pore of my body as I listened and watched. No one paid any further attention to me or Andrei. We drew out of the throng, came back to the house, and I sank down beside Baranoff, who was sound asleep. Andrei fed me hot tea and then pressed my hand.

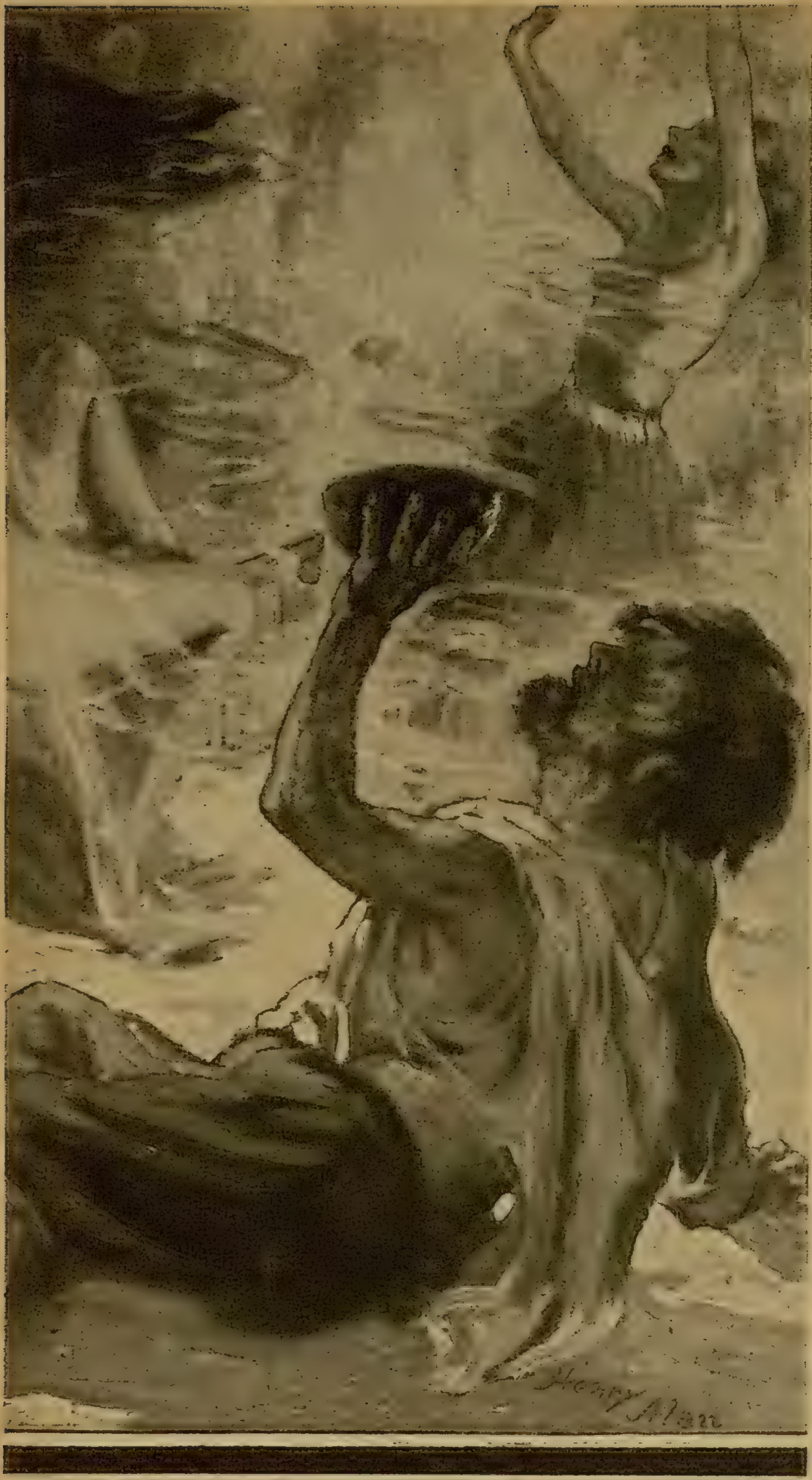
"Wait here, White Wings!" she said. "When I return, be ready. Use your wits! We must depart."

"They told us we must have a pass to get through the guards," I said.

"We shall have a pass," said Andrei, and departed.

I knew she had some insane scheme; yet among these madmen only madness could avail us. I wakened Baranoff. He went out to make the horses ready.

In the square larger fires were now piled up, and I could see figures scampering about, could hear the drunken howls of men and women. Barbarians evoked from the dim past ages!



Two figures were approaching. Once more myself, I rose and went out to meet them. Andrei came, bringing Gregory himself, powerful, splashed with blood, calm amid all the frenzied uproar his deviltry had evoked.

" Commissar Ortov! " And Andrei presented me to Gregory. As I took his strong hand a shudder seized me. Andrei went on: " I have told him, commissar, why we sought him here and it is impossible to accomplish our mission in all this confusion. He is going with us to set us on our way. Let him take my horse while I walk."

God knows what lies Andrei had told that man!

GREGORY was panting eagerly. He welcomed me effusively and, climbing into the saddle, started off with us. Andrei walked ahead. Thus we openly passed the glare of the fires and came to the far side of the village.

A half mile beyond was a strong detachment, a cavalry outpost. Gregory ordered twenty troopers to ride with us as guards. Andrei obtained another horse here, and I saw Baranoff's ax stuck through her belt.

" We need not go far," she said to Gregory. " Commissar Ortov has the gold and jewels in his saddlebags. We must not let these soldiers know anything about it."

" True, very true," assented Gregory eagerly. " Leave it all to me, comrade! "

Ten horsemen preceded us, ten followed. Andrei rode ahead with Gregory. I heard Andrei ask about bullets not piercing him, and Gregory laughed aloud.

" It is true! I am protected by unseen powers. Twice have the accursed Whites shot at me point-blank. Nothing can hurt me! "

A mile farther on, Gregory halted the soldiers. The ten ahead he ordered to march on for some distance and await us. Those in the rear he ordered to retire and wait for him. Perhaps they are still waiting; I do not know.

We dismounted. Andrei and I went aside with Gregory.

" Well, Comrade Ortov? " said he to me.

" It is time! " Andrei said. " It is time! "

I brought up the knife under Gregory's chin and drove it in hard, with all my strength. He did not call out; but neither did he die. His enormous arms swept out and his hands gripped me.

Andrei's ax fell between his shoulders. So fierce was the blow that we both reeled and staggered as we stood gripped. But the ax slid away. It would not harm him! For the second time Andrei smote, with a gasp, and again the ax refused to bite! Blood was now gushing from the throat and eyes and nostrils of Gregory, but his grip was terrible. His great hands nearly tore me asunder.

Then Andrei, perceiving the truth, struck a third blow —this time above the neck of the mail shirt Gregory wore. The ax sank in. Gregory shivered and loosened his grip. He lay in the snow. Baranoff came running.

" Take the ax if you want it again," said Andrei.

Baranoff grunted and wrenched it free. We mounted, rode on to where the escort waited with our pack horses, and took up the trail.

AN hour later we paid the escort well, sent them back, and then rode hard. Snow began to fall. We found a side road and lost ourselves among the mountains.

For three weeks we wandered, seeking passes to the south. Twice we were turned back by strong parties of Red soldiers. However, we made some headway and finally came upon a camp of four Tatars, hurt and wounded in an encounter with Red soldiers.

Finding they knew the trails and passes, we settled down with them, tended their hurts and fed them. Two died but the other two recovered.

In this time Baranoff and I drew apart. Perhaps he was jealous because Andrei and I were so much in sympathy. He did not want to go south into Mongolia, for he was bent upon reaching all that was left of White Russia—far to the east, under Semenoff. None of us knew that already Semenoff's power was on the wane.

The snow began to melt in the passes. With our two Tatars we pushed on. Ahead lay the Tannu Ola Mountains, with the boundary line on this side of them.

Of course there was danger everywhere, for boundaries meant nothing to anyone; all over the country had spread the wreckage of armies. We encountered men and women who were quite mad, wandering aimlessly like wild beasts.

We came at length to the caravan road from Irkutsk. This occupied a long and rather narrow gash among the mountains. Our Tatars recognized landmarks. Excited, they pointed off to the right as we gazed down upon the snowy valley. There, they said, lay a pass by which we could gain Mongolia. But to reach the pass we must travel some twelve miles along the valley, where we might encounter Red troops at any moment.

We descended to the road and set forth to the southwest. We had not covered five miles before the two Tatars suddenly went dashing off among the trees.

" Someone is coming! " cried Baranoff. " Take cover! "

We turned in among the trees and concealed ourselves. After a little we saw a number of men coming along the valley. Some few were mounted. The others, perhaps thirty in all, straggled on foot for a quarter mile. Their garments were rags, though all were armed. They were bearded, haggard, silent.

" As God lives! " exclaimed Andrei suddenly. " That man on the first horse is Colonel Russinski! "

Her voice carried far. The head of the column halted and closed up. I had recognized Russinski at once.

We rode out, shouting that we were friends, and those men closed about us with shouts of greeting, although there was no recognition. I was Georgei Beloff, and in my scarred, bearded, altered countenance not a person recognized the intelligence officer and comrade of other days. Nearly all these men were former Kolchak officers.

These men crowded about us anxiously, desperately, all crying out the same question. When we answered in the negative, a terrible silence fell.

"Then they are lost!" said Russinski, deadly pale. His wife and two daughters were gone with that other party after which they had all asked so anxiously.

These men had a sad story. After the break-up of Kolchak's army they and their families gathered in a mountain village far to the west. They exterminated several parties of Red soldiers, collecting food, arms, and horses enough to fight their way through and join Semenoff, to the east of Lake Baikal.

So they started. Two days before we met them they came without warning upon an entire regiment of Reds, who pursued them. They divided into two parties. Russinski and his group undertook to halt the Reds while the others fled with the women to safety. Now, giving up the others for lost, he was heading eastward. He and his men urged us to join them.

"Better," I said, "for you all to reach Mongolia and join Baron Ungern."

"No!" cried Russinski passionately. "We have heard of him. He is making himself into a king there in Mongolia. He is mad, utterly mad!"

This was entirely possible, but Ungern was mad in a large way. They had much news of him. Since the previous autumn he had done great things, driving the Chinese out of Mongolia and taking it for himself. He was conducting an active and merciless warfare against all Reds. His officers, too, were madmen. All the while he was killing, killing, killing!

Gypsy Lusha, from one of the two pictures that Beloff took from her.

"We will not join this maniac," said Russinski and his officers. "We will join Semenoff."

I did not choose to go with them. Something within me was drawn to the south, some urge that I could not define. Perhaps my good angel was leading me.

Then as we argued Andrei looked Colonel Russinski in the face and spoke in her wild fashion:

"Listen to me, brethren! White Wings is quite right. Not six men of your whole party will reach the camp of the ataman. And you, Russinski, will not reach it."

"You are mad!" said Russinski.

"All the world is mad! But we go south, not east."

BARANOFF desired to accompany Russinski. He and I embraced, with tears, and parted. Andrei and I took one spare horse, gave Russinski's bleeding heroes our other horses, and watched them straggle out of sight.

Three years later, in Manchuria, I encountered Baranoff again. He told me that only five men out of this party reached the lines of Semenoff with him, and Russinski was not one of those five.

Toward evening we came to the pass. After a few miles it turned into a terribly rough mountain trail.

By the next evening we were in despair. And during this night the heavens opened in the first rains of spring and made even this poor trail impassable.

Morning. A downpour of rain. Our horses unable to do anything on the mountain road. To top everything else, Andrei was down with some vomiting sickness.

From the mountainside up above snow was beginning to slip down in thunderous masses. Avalanches threatened us at every instant.

"Climb in the saddle," I bade her. "We must get over the hill flank ahead."

Andrei obeyed. I took the reins of her horse. We fell repeatedly. My own horse broke its leg and I shot it.

Somehow we got across that mountain flank. Presently we came to a perceptible road which wound off to the right. We gazed at it longingly; to follow it, however, was quite impossible. We headed straight forward, into a tree-grown valley which seemed to go nowhere at all.

We sought only a place to camp until the rain and the sickness of Andrei were past.

Suddenly, without warning, a rifle cracked.

The horse carrying Andrei pitched forward. There came another shot. The second horse fell. We could see no one. A fit of vomiting seized Andrei. I dropped my rifle and turned to help her. At any instant I expected to feel a bullet.

"Who are you?" A voice in Russian.

"Christians! In the name of God, do not kill us!"

A harsh laugh made response.

"Pray, then! I see what uniforms you wear. Pray, you accursed Reds, before I kill you both!"

I made no response, for despair seized me. Andrei was on hands and knees in the snow.

"These are devils!" she said wildly. "Or else ghosts!"

"Is the big fellow sick or shamming?" asked the voice.

"Sick," I said. "We are not Reds. If you mean to kill us, shoot quickly and get it over. We are not afraid."

Something moved. A figure came forward among the trees. A real man and not a ghost.

He wore a tattered fur coat to his waist, with the hood up around the face. And what a face it was! Like the edge of an ax, very ruddy and bright and keen, hawklike.

"Have you anything to prove that you are not Reds?"

Hysterically I tore open my soaked coat and shirt.

"Yes!" I shouted. "Yes! Here! Look—here is the proof! Here and here! Wounds, scars of bullets—"

"Never mind, never mind." He set down his rifle in the snow and leaned upon it and smiled. This smile was like gay sunlight breaking across his face.

"Come along," he said, and straightened up with a nod. "I think you are all right. Follow me."

He turned and started off among the trees.

I put my arm about Andrei and we began to follow. But it was difficult in the deep snow. Andrei had been seized with a terrible chill. She sank down. "Leave me, leave me," she chattered. I bent over, put my arms around her, and held her against me.

The man came back, stood looking down at us.

"You two poor damned sons!" he said in English. "By God, you've got guts, you have!"

I broke into wild laughter again.

"English!" I cried out. "You are English!"

"Hell, no! Do I look like a limey? I'm an American, you poor nut! Come along to the house. Here, I'll give you a hand with old horseface—"

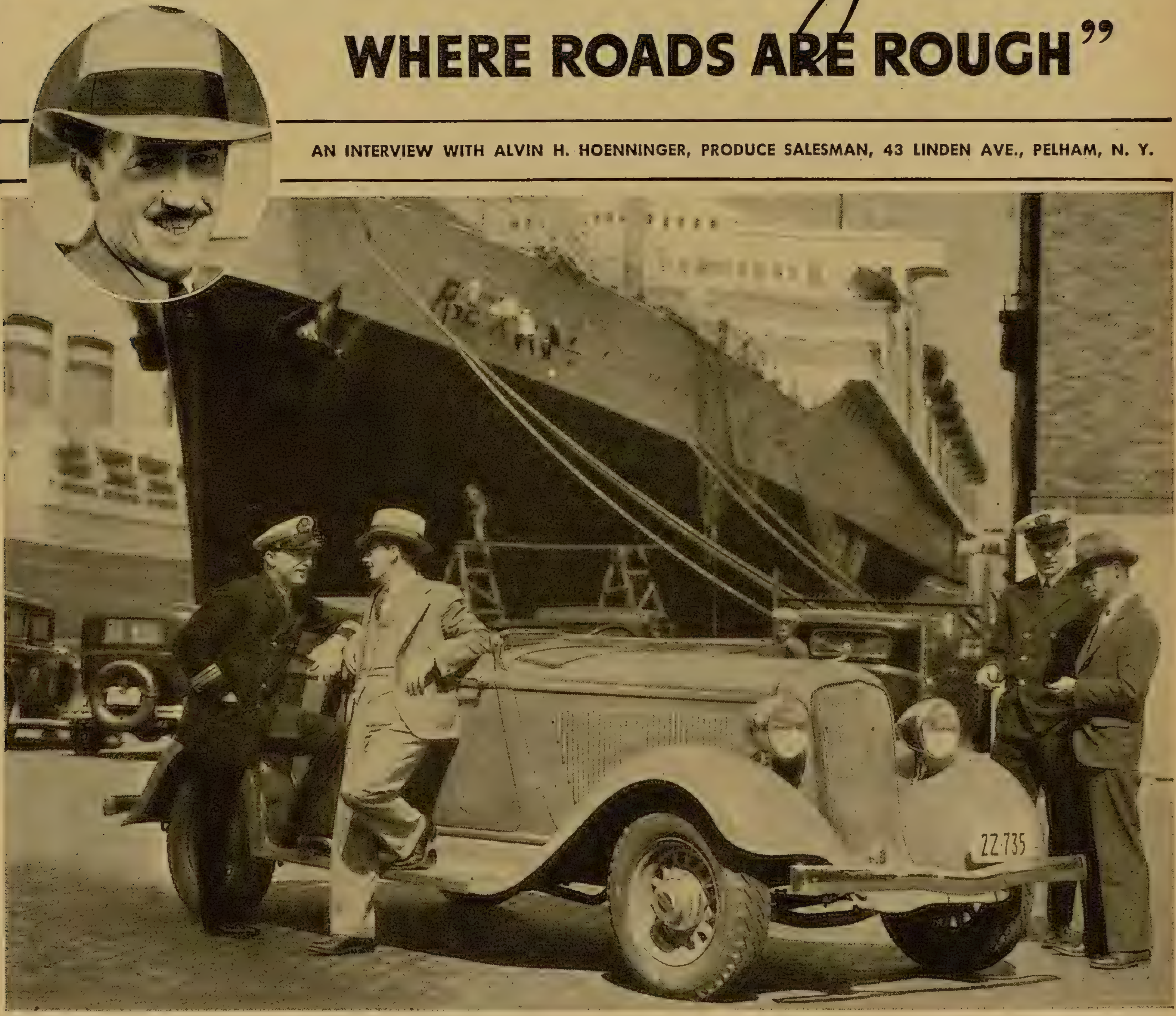
So we staggered on; and I little dreamed what an amazing meeting now awaited me in the house that showed among the trees.

Amazing indeed!—as next week's installment will demonstrate. It will also give Symes's gripping story of his wanderings, and will proceed with Beloff's adventures as a fugitive in a real-life hell on earth.

"I cover the Waterfront—

WHERE ROADS ARE ROUGH"

AN INTERVIEW WITH ALVIN H. HOENNINGER, PRODUCE SALESMAN, 43 LINDEN AVE., PELHAM, N. Y.



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NEW PLYMOUTH SIX

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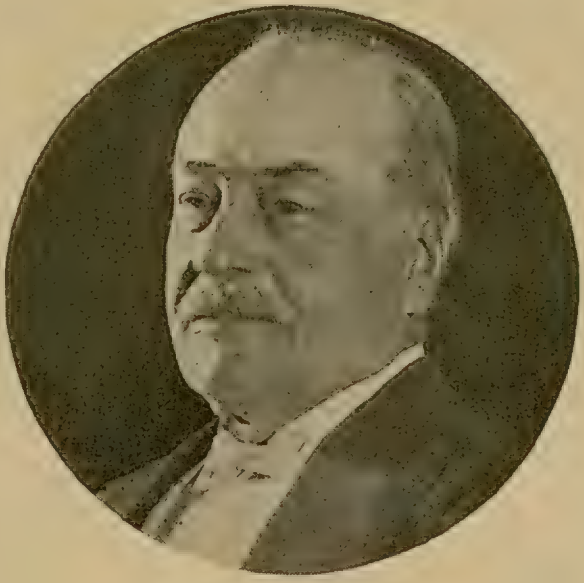
Why I Am for

By Dr. NICHOLAS MUR

President of Columbia University in an Interview with

A Distinguished Educator of American Youth Presents a Forthright and Fearless Statement of the Case Against Prohibition



Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the author of this article.

(Reading time: 10 minutes.)

I URGE the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment because, first, it represents a false step in government. Second, it has proved itself the worst method yet devised by man to deal with the admitted evils of the liquor traffic.

If we had wished to find a way to aid the liquor traffic, the Eighteenth Amendment has shown itself to offer the precise method by which we might best do so. Under it the traffic in alcoholic liquors has become nation-wide. In the Wickersham Report the lowest estimate of this traffic for a single year was $2,815,000,000, which ranks it one of the country's greatest industries. This traffic is highly profitable and *wholly* free from tax, except as forced payments are made illegitimately by violators to public officials. If the federal and state governments taxed this traffic we should not be called upon for any income taxes whatever.

Some say the present system should be modified. You cannot modify anything which is essentially wrong; you must abandon it. The object of repeal is not to set the liquor traffic free; it is to bring the liquor traffic under the control of law.

But politicians have assured us there can be no issue made of the prohibition question, that any party will go down to destruction which touches it. In other words, their estimate of the intelligence and morality of the American people is that they are too ignorant, too stupid, and too cowardly to rise to their feet and with burning indignation sweep from power this whole army of impostors, fanatics, and unworthy spokesmen of the public will.

The amendment stands all by itself as an offense against the Constitution. That Constitution sets up a government, defines its powers, sets limits on its authority, indicates what are the reserved rights of the states and the people, and offers protection to those rights. Every other amendment has been a proper amendment, dealing with the organization and functions of government. The Eighteenth Amendment has nothing to do with the organization and functions of government. It is an ordinary statute or ordinance which might be passed by any legislature or board of aldermen.

The Eighteenth Amendment is a revolution. Instead of intrusting a new power to Congress, it brings to bear upon the individual citizen a compulsory prohibition. This is why it has so signally failed, and must fail. It would have failed had it dealt with wheat, or corn, or copper, or cotton. If that amendment is allowed to stand, and is followed as a precedent, another generation will see our form of government so overturned that states will be administered as counties.

The amendment is defended on the ground that it served an overmastering moral purpose.

It requires good control of one's temper to be told that the use of liquor in the domestic circle, in the most modest quantity and for the ordinary purpose of food and drink, is immoral. It is just about as immoral as eating a potato or a beefsteak. From time immemorial the food and drink of the civilized man has been substantially uniform: flesh of animals, the fruit and vegetable growths of the earth, the fish of the sea, and those liquors, alcoholic or otherwise, which have been prepared for thousands of years. That is a personal matter. Only in the case of abuse or excess does the individual become a public nuisance and fall under the category of those who are public nuisances.

BUT we are now faced with a new and terrible situation. After years of progress, years of education, years of steady growth in temperance, the saloon was rapidly disappearing in many parts of the country and under greatly increased control in other parts. Drunkenness was decreasing with great rapidity, and a general sense of responsibility, personal responsibility, for temperance was increasing by leaps and bounds. Then came this literally stupendous blow, which in my judgment, in addition to all its other ills, has put back the cause of temperance for at least a long generation. Instead of suppressing drunkenness, prohibition has suppressed temperance.

What the amendment really endeavors to bring about is not temperance in any sense but compulsory total abstinence, enforced by all the powers of government. This is something immoral, illegal, and wholly impracticable.

No man who values his reputation for good sense and sincerity can continue to say that the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act are either enforced or enforceable. There are very few communities in the whole United States where they have not done harm, either directly or indirectly. That harm takes the form of a spirit and habit of lawlessness, of hypocrisy, and of public and private immorality.

Senators and representatives in Congress and members of state legislatures nonchalantly vote for prohibitory legislation and quickly seek the refreshment of a drink of alcoholic liquor. Judges sentence men to fine and imprisonment for having been detected in doing what other judges do without detection. A voluble and sarcastic advocate of strict enforcement of the prohibitory law himself joins in a toast, drunk with intoxicating liquor, which he offers with these words: "Prohibition is good for the other fellow!" As the wealthy employer sips his wine he says that prohibition is the best thing in the world for his workmen. When a man in public life cries out extra loud for prohibition and law enforcement, tap him on the hip.

As a result of the Eighteenth Amendment we now have a nation-wide traffic in intoxicating liquors which is

Repeal

RAY BUTLER

EARL REEVES

unlicensed, illicit, illegal, and untaxed. We have introduced intoxicating liquor into parts of the country from which it had well-nigh disappeared; and in many communities we have multiplied many times the saloon, if a saloon be defined as a place where intoxicating liquor may be purchased, whether for consumption on the premises or not.

We have brought about a situation in which we challenge the ingenuity and sporting instinct of millions of young persons to test whether or not they can safely violate the law for which they have no respect. We have invited and induced a spirit of lawlessness which is quite without precedent, and which reaches from the highest ranks in the nation's life to the lowest and most humble.

If the Anti-Saloon League on the one hand and the persistent lawbreaker and the bootlegger on the other had conspired together to bring glory to the first and certain profit to the second, they would have united in urging the precise course of action which has been followed.

The reason why the national prohibition law is not enforced is because it cannot be enforced. It cannot be enforced because it ought not to have been passed. It is a form of oppression to which a free people will never submit in silence.

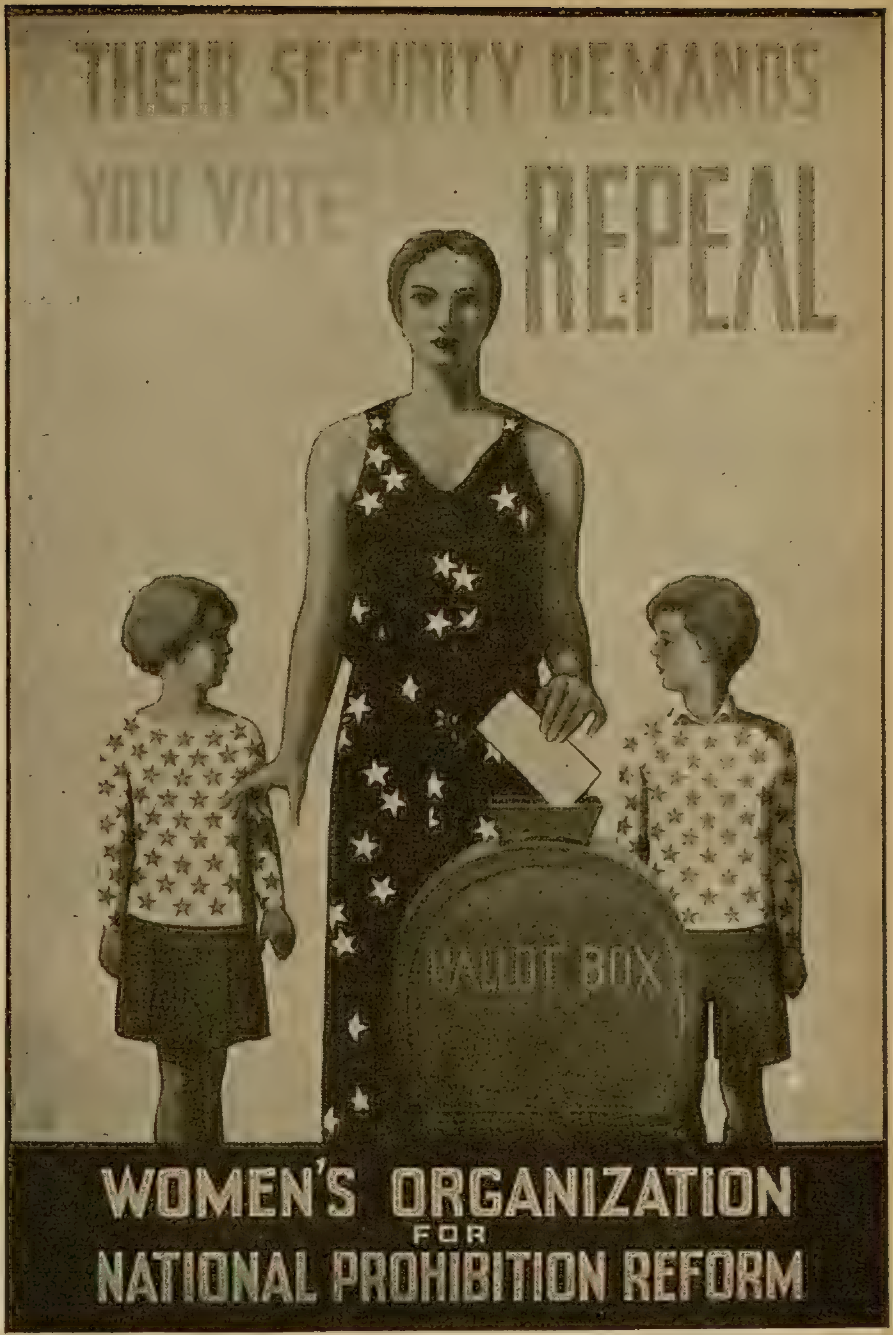
And yet those who would see it " given further trial " still defend the amendment on moral grounds. Such a reign of terror has been established that even judges, lawyers, physicians, ministers, and leading merchants write me in strong support of my views but declare that in no circumstances must their names be made public. Such is the demoralizing effect of the prohibition mania.

I have worked for temperance and against the saloon from the earliest days of my contact with politics; and yet when I declared, eight years ago, that *repeal* of prohibition had become the " moral issue," I was deluged with letters attacking me. Many arriving then and since have been vulgar and abusive, even when written from what the writers asserted to be the standpoint of Christian morality. Anything more anti-Christian, intemperate, and immoral than the controversial methods of the Anti-Saloon League and its hosts of paid propagandists and hired lobbyists cannot be conceived.

THREE alternatives confront us: strict enforcement, nullification, or repeal.

The moral sense, as well as the common sense, of many people is affronted by the policy which expends millions of dollars and uses the methods of Czarist Russia and the Spanish Inquisition to enforce one provision of law, while others of far greater significance and public importance are accorded conventional treatment or less. We have seen that a kind of official and government-made murder has been going on for almost a decade, and that enforcement means an invasion of the rights of privacy, search without warrant, and the abolition or limitation of trial by jury. In this sense, law enforcement has meant lawlessness.

Nullification proceeds with great rapidity—but that is a danger to our whole political and social fabric. Because the habit of lawlessness spreads like prairie fire and contempt or disrespect for one law quickly communicates itself to all laws. Either alternative—attempted enforcement of an unenforceable law, or lawless nullification of it—is humiliating and degrading.



One of the posters that were displayed in the national drive against prohibition.

The rational course is to urge obedience to the law while it lasts, then seek repeal. Our aim is fourfold, as follows:

First: Effective regulation of the liquor traffic.

Second: Total abolition of the saloon, secret or open.

Third: Promotion of temperance and good morals.

Fourth: Removal of a chief cause of that spirit and habit of lawlessness which now threaten the foundations of the Republic.

The aims outlined above must be sought by those who realize that a terrible mistake has been made: that instead of aiding temperance we have obstructed it; that instead of building character we have torn it down; that instead of promoting public honesty we have multiplied political hypocrisy; and that, with it all, we have struck a heavy blow at our government.

Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is an absolutely necessary preliminary to any modification of the present system of attempted control of the liquor traffic. Such repeal—as in the case of the original law—should be effective one year after enactment. Responsibility then would be put where it belongs, full power to deal with the liquor traffic reverting to each of the forty-eight states. Responsibility can be fixed.

After studying many forms of control I have a strong personal preference for that operating in Quebec. It seems the most successful method yet devised for getting rid of the saloon and abolishing private liquor traffic without depriving the individual of his civil and political liberties. There are no saloons in Quebec. Beer may be had at certain hours, and one may have wine or beer with meals. Strong liquors may be bought at government stores for home consumption.

Politicians and officeholders say cynically that we should not care about repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment so long as anyone can get all the liquor he wants. But we are not interested in liquor. We are interested in the preservation of the American form of government and in ending the reign of lawlessness.

THE END

Presenting—

HAPPY DAYS

First of a Series of Weekly Chats with the Readers of Liberty

By

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

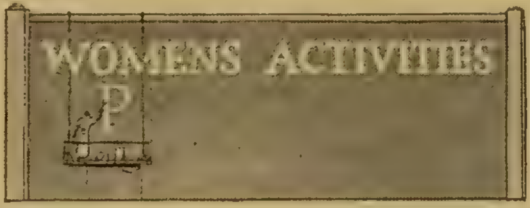
(Reading time: 3 minutes 56 seconds.)

WHEN Liberty asked me to write a weekly page, my immediate reaction was, "What fun! But what shall I write about?" Then I started to think of just a few of the many interesting things which happen to me every day, and also of the tremendous variety of events now taking place in the world which are vitally important to women. At this moment I am wishing that a Liberty page were the size of a billboard!

I've finally decided to abide by no particular pattern, and to make this page like a friendly conversation, as it's always easier to talk than to write.

I feel almost as if I should give myself an informal introduction. Here are the vital statistics: I'm twenty-seven years old, the first child in the family, and brought up by four younger brothers. I was named after my mother, Anna Eleanor. I was married when I was twenty, and have a little girl, Anna Eleanor, who is six years old, and a very lively young son of three, Curtis Roosevelt. I suppose I should say that they are more officially known as "Sistie" and "Buzzie"!

WILL WE EVER HAVE A WOMAN PRESIDENT?—A RECIPE FROM THE WHITE HOUSE—HOW MY MOTHER KEPT HER CHILDREN QUIET ON HOT SUMMER AFTERNOONS



Besides keeping house and bringing up children, I have entered into many other activities, including some social service work, running children's parties as a business, assisting in editing a magazine, and radio broadcasting. As a result, I feel that I can observe and discuss subjects from the point of view of the average American woman of this generation. Now I can draw a sigh of relief, as writing about one's self is a bit embarrassing!

I WAS asked the other day if I thought we would ever have a woman President. Now that we have a woman in the Cabinet, a woman Director of the Mint, and a woman Minister to Denmark, it is only natural that we should conjecture on the possibility of some day having a woman fill the highest office in the land.

First let me ask you a question:

Suppose that a man and a woman of equal qualifications were nominated for this office, would you vote for the man or the woman?

Well, I believe that just as soon as women themselves are ready to vote for a woman for President, some woman leader will have a chance of victory on election day.

I've noticed that the majority of women still prefer a man doctor, a man lawyer, a man banker.

QUITE a few women seem to be interested in the food that is served in the White House. So I'm invading the kitchen there every week and go to Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt, official housekeeper, who came with us to Washington from Hyde Park.

PECAN PIE *(from New Orleans)*

3 eggs
1 cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup corn sirup
1 cup pecan meats
(other nuts if desired)
1 teaspoon vanilla
Few grains salt

Cream the butter and sugar, add the sirup and well beaten eggs, salt, and vanilla. When well mixed, add coarsely chopped pecan meats and turn into a pie plate lined with paste. Bake in a moderate oven (375° to 400°) until firm. Serve cold.

PS. I asked Mrs. Nesbitt if the pie crust was cooked when the filling was put in, and she shook her head and said, "No; if it were, it would be called 'shell.'"

CHANCELLOR HITLER'S idea of a loan of $275 to all German brides, this loan to be financed by a bachelors' tax, is a novel one to consider. How many girls can you think of among your acquaintances who would be tempted to get married and give up their present jobs—taking for granted that they are lucky enough to have them—if they knew they would have this sum of money with which to start a new home, and eight and one half years in which to repay the $275? It is also to be made easier for the young *Hausfrau* to have domestic help, as she and her husband may include all help, for income-tax purposes, as members of their families.

IN these midsummer days we often hear mothers of active and energetic children say, "How can I keep Johnny and Mary quiet for just an hour in the hottest part of the afternoon?" Here's a suggestion which has already been tried out most successfully on my brothers and me—of course, quite a few years ago. After my brothers and I were too old to sleep peacefully for an hour after lunch, we would all sprawl out wherever we were most comfortable, and listen to mother or some other self-sacrificing grown-up read aloud. Some of the things we read were: Kipling's Just So Stories and The Jungle Book; Conrad's sea narratives; all of H. G. Wells' Outline of History; and Jules Verne's Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.

Hollywood is simply wild about this soap *Why?*

AUTHORITIES STATE . . . "Lux Toilet Soap contains precious elements all skin needs." *Read about it!*

Photographed in Hollywood
The Hollywood stars in the foreground, reading from left to right, are GENEVIEVE TOBIN, 'BOOTS' MALLORY (Fox star), GWILI ANDRE and ANITA PAGE.

SCIENTISTS EXPLAIN: It contains precious elements skin itself has...and must have to stay YOUTHFUL!

SKIN, science has found, contains certain precious elements. These elements, found in youthful skin of every type, keep it fresh, smooth, attractive, young.

The gradual loss of these elements is what makes skin get old-looking, dry, rough, unattractive. But scientists give this welcome and all-important message—you can now *check the loss* of these precious elements.

This Soap actually contains Precious Elements found in skin itself

Now scientists attest the fact that Lux Toilet Soap with its complete freedom from harshness, its ready solubility *and its content of such precious elements,* is an unquestionable aid in keeping the skin young-looking . . . softly smooth.

Small wonder that Lux Toilet Soap is used by nearly all of the famous screen stars, who *must* keep their skin radiant, smooth, young-looking! Small wonder it has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in all the large Hollywood film studios!

A Lovelier YOU

HOLLYWOOD has proved through years of daily use that this soap actually keeps every type of skin young-looking.

MILLIONS of women (and men) everywhere confirm Hollywood's experience.

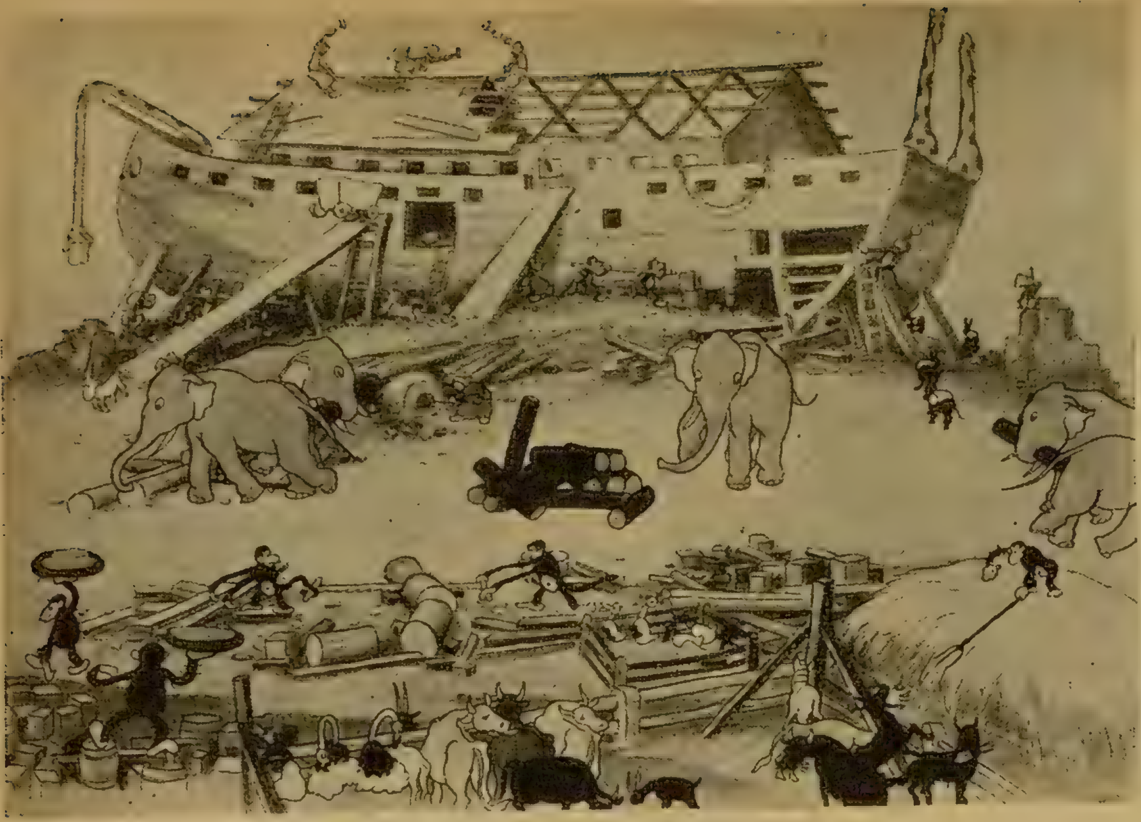
Won't YOU prove the beautifying effect this fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap can have on *your* skin?

"It really has made MY skin look Younger . . ."

"What the Hollywood stars say about Lux Toilet Soap is exactly what I've found out in my own case," writes Miss Evelene Miller of New York. Miss Miller adds: "I've been using this soap for three years now and I find it really has made my skin much younger-looking. I will never use any other!"

LUX
TOILET SOAP

For EVERY Type of Skin
. . . oily . . . dry . . . "in-between"— BEGIN TODAY!



GLEE,

Another Four-Star Department-Store a Dope Addict

By ROB

A busy scene in the shipbuilding business, taken from Disney's Noah's Ark.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 31 seconds.)
1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ NOAH'S ARK

AGAIN Walt Disney comes along with one of his classical fantasies. Mr. and Mrs. Noah gather their three sons, Ham, Shem, and Japheth, with Mesdames Ham, Shem, and Japheth, and they sing a swell old Negro spiritual about the coming deluge. Then to work to build an ark. The rhino splits logs into planks; a hippo bites holes in the planks like a paper punch; and woodpeckers drive in the pegs.

When the ark is completed, the animals arrive in their well known pairs, even to the skunks! Then rain, rain, rain for forty days and forty nights, with the ark doing nip-ups all over the ocean. But what's that? By heck, it's the sun! And there's land! And here comes the dove with the olive branch! Out with the gangplank, all the animals emerging as they went in—except for the rabbits. A miracle has happened, and they are now a hundred or more! The picture fades on the ark resting atop a tree on the summit of Mount Ararat.

Here is the story that for five thousand years has set the poets ga-ga, now told by the young movieland genius who is a combination of Æsop, Hans Christian Andersen, Lewis Carroll, and Sir James Barrie. Of the six hundred pictures a year sent forth from Hollywood, these little Mickey Mouses and Silly Symphonies by Walt Disney are without doubt the greatest triumph of the cinematic art.

★★ THE CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER

CAST: Colt, Adolphe Menjou; La Tour, Greta Nissen; Kelly, Ruthelma Stevens; Flandrin, Dwight Frye; Sebastian, Donald Cook; Dugan, Harry Holman; Rainey, George Rosener. Directed by Roy William Neill.

This is the story written by Anthony Abbot that ran serially in this magazine.

Adolphe Menjou, police commissioner, fed up on the rough stuff, grabs his secretary, Ruthelma Stevens, and beats it off to a small rural town on a vacation from crime. Ah, a circus! That'll be fun—peanuts 'n' everything! Dolphe is recognized by Harry Holman, press agent, who instantly enlists his help in a circus jam which results in another fine mess of crime. Greta Nissen, a beautiful aërialist, is all off her husband and all on Donald Cook, another trapezer. Greta is killed by a dart during her aërial act and the nutty husband shoots himself in mid-air. It's up to Dolphe to solve the mystery, which he does with his well known suavity.

The circus atmosphere is colorful and the performances are beautiful. Greta Nissen is ravishing and has learned to speak English understandably. The plot is adroitly built and the mystery preserved to the end. There are, however, holes in the direction; one wonders why he or she doesn't do this or that.

Even at that, however, it's a pretty darned good show.

Greta Nissen and Adolphe Menjou, the two stars in the mystery picture, The Circus Queen Murder.

● ● ● OFF THE

By HARRIET

IF you have any doubts about the shapeliness of Mae West's legs, they'll be dispelled when you see I'm No Angel. Hitherto Mae's underpinnings have been discreetly draped—although there's been no mystery about other parts of her anatomy. In I'm No Angel, Paramount will show all of Mae the Hays office will allow. And wait till you see her as a lion tamer in silk tights! (Theme song: All of Mae.)

And speaking of Mae: I hear she's calling herself names because of the deal she made with Paramount on She Done Him Wrong. Seems Para offered her her choice of a percentage of the profits or a flat sum and she chose the latter. Picture is still cleaning up and Mae would have made about four times as much if she'd taken the gamble.

Believe-It-or-Not Department: Adrienne Ames' hubby wrote to her that since he couldn't be in Hollywood to take her places himself he didn't mind if she stepped out

GLITTER, and GLOOM

Disney, A Menjou Mystery, A Story, and Barthelmess as among the New Pictures

WAGNER

Aline MacMahon, Ronnie Crosby, and Richard Barthelmess in one of the scenes in Heroes for Sale.

★ HOLD ME TIGHT

CAST: Chuck, James Dunn; Molly, Sally Eilers; Billy, Frank McHugh; Dottie, June Clyde; Dolan, Kenneth Thomson; Trudie, Noel Francis; Mary Shane, Dorothy Peterson; Blair, Clay Clement. Directed by David Butler.

There must be something in this marriage business. In six stories Jimmie Dunn has married Sally Eilers six times and he still remains happy. Yet despite Jimmie's sunny disposition this picture is a saga of sorrow.

Sally Eilers and James Dunn in a pose strongly reminiscent of the film title, Hold Me Tight.

Jimmie and Sally work in a department store. Love. Marriage. But Jimmie is fired the day they are wed. (Dirty work by Kenneth Thomson, the house dick, who is on the make for Sally.) Sally's side kick, June Clyde, is married to a bum, Frank McHugh. When June is sick with a coming baby she too is fired, and drinks poison. Next Jimmie walks out on Sally lest she too become—you know. But Frank goes noble, spills the plot, and after Jimmie has beaten the everlasting whey out of Kenneth, the cops and boss come, Ken is taken to the donjon keep, and Jimmie gets back his job.

★ (for acting) HEROES FOR SALE

CAST: Tom, Richard Barthelmess; Mary, Aline MacMahon; Ruth, Loretta Young; Roger, Gordon Westcott; Mr. Winston, Berton Churchill; Max, Robert Barrat; George Gibson, Grant Mitchell; Pa Dennis, Charles Grapewin; Dr. Briggs, Robert McWade; Leader of Agitators, George Pat Collins; Blind Man, James Murray; Laundry Company President, Edwin Maxwell; Ella Holmes, Margaret Seddon; Captain Joyce, Arthur Vinton.

Richard Barthelmess, wounded, is captured by the Germans. Learns to take morphine in a German hospital. After the war he is a bank clerk and a hop-head. Decides to steal to get morphine from a peddler, and is committed to the state narcotic farm. Cured, he gets a job in a laundry. Marries Loretta Young. Baby.

Nutty Communist (?) friend invents machine which technocratically throws men out of work. Strike; outrageously brutal police. Loretta is killed in the shambles. Dick sent to prison for five years. Emerges and police hound him into becoming a bum. Shipped out of the state with a bunch of bums on a freight train. Ordered back by deputy sheriffs. Fight. Storm. As the bums trudge through the mud, Dick looks up and says, "Well, anyway, it's stopped raining!" Seven reels of gloom.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom.

★★★—Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth.

SCREEN • • •

PARSONS

with Bruce Cabot. And Adrienne has been taking him at his word.

Wonder just how complimented Bruce is at being the sort of a chap husbands trust.

When Jobyna Ralston Arlen and her twelve-day-old son returned from the hospital they found a large delegation headed by Bing Crosby waiting to welcome them. Bing had rounded up twenty-five guests and a piano player to greet Joby and Junior with a hey-nonny-nonny and a hot-cha-cha. Joby was pleased but papa Dick and the nurse had a fit.

Fashion Note: Joan Crawford has taken to carrying a single gardenia around in her hand. While dancing she holds it daintily to her nose.

Jack Oakie, the Sweat Shirt King, attended the Countess di Frasso's costume party at the new and hoity-toity Vendome with a British flag sewed on his customary sweat shirt. He won the prize.

There are a number of folks who get a kick out of being seen with celebrities.

Ex-AMA

A Famous Professiona
Reveals the Hidde

By VINCENT

as told to JC

(Reading time: 10 minutes 45 seconds.)

MR. RICHARDS turned pro in 1926, the player-writer ruling having ditched his newspaper job, and C. C. Pyle having made him an offer. As he explained in Liberty last week, he is glad he did it, despite the loss of the social glamour that went with his amateur standing.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

AN amateur athlete is supposed to be a man who plays for the fun of the game—when he wants to and where he wants to. But in big-time sport today it doesn't work out that way. Actually he does what someone else tells him. Who is that someone else? The president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, the chairman of the Davis Cup Committee, or some other official.

I remember back in 1924 when I returned from Europe after winning the Olympic championships. I had played steadily for about three months, at Wimbledon in England and in the Olympics in Paris. I was worn out, tired. Sick of tennis. But immediately after my return it was intimated that I was supposed to play in the annual invitation tournament at Seabright, New Jersey. I declined. Pressure was immediately brought to bear on me. A hint came from a high official of the Tennis Association that if I didn't play at Seabright I wouldn't make the Davis Cup team.

As an amateur you are not actually told what you must do except in rare cases such as the one above. But you know that you are expected to make the circuit, that is to play the rounds of the big Eastern clubs, Newport, Southampton, Seabright. Because the clubs need the stars to attract the gate. It has actually come to the point where if the amateur champion, the Number One ranking player of the country, stays out of an important tournament he must file a doctor's certificate showing he isn't physically able to take the court.

A few large clubs have even adopted the rule that they will only pay a player's expenses while he is actually playing in the tournament. In other words, from the moment he is beaten he is on his own. He must either quit town or pay his own board bill.

In spite of this sort of thing there is no depression in amateur tennis. Check me if I'm wrong, but from what I can gather the amateurs are still traveling as usual. Maybe a little more than usual. Although the Davis Cup matches for 1933 had not been started at the time of writing, the entire American team was one-night-standing—and that's a good hook-and-ladder word—through Australia. The Italian Davis Cup team was touring India, the British team was visiting in South Africa, and the Japanese team was on the point of departing for a six months' tour. Incidentally the American amateurs have been playing tennis steadily since March, 1932, which is more than most professionals would attempt to do.

The problems faced in amateur sport in this country are the same found all over the globe. Mr. A. J. Batley, a London solicitor who represents the county of Yorkshire on the council of the English Lawn Tennis Association, said recently: "There are more players obtaining money or money's worth out of tennis today than at any other time in its history."

Well, the situation is about the same here too. A big country club last summer put on a day of exhibition tennis in which several of us professionals were asked to appear. For a cash consideration. Before the matches I heard some member ask the chairman of the tennis committee why amateurs were not asked to play instead of professionals. He replied:

"Because professionals cost us a good deal less."

ATEUR

l, Explaining "Why," n Politics of Sport

RICHARDS

HN R. TUNIS

This brings me to a point I raised last week. If there are satisfactions, practical and otherwise, to be obtained by turning professional, there are also drawbacks. You bet there are. Lots of them. Let me outline a few.

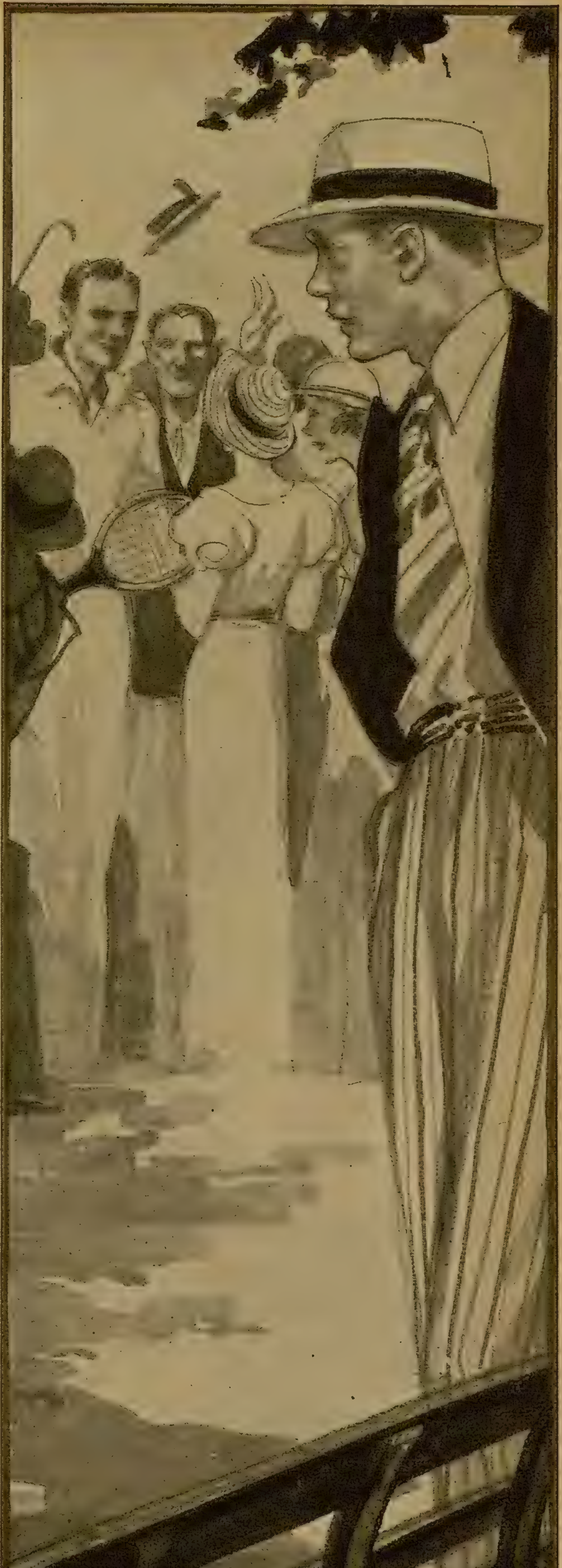
Once you have actually turned professional it is curious how some of your good friends melt away. As an amateur you were one of the athletic stars of the country. You were a figure on the sports pages, a name, a celebrity. As a professional you have dropped out of the big money and also out of public notice. Now there are a certain number of good folks, especially in the ranks of American society, who get a kick out of being seen with celebrities. They cultivate celebrities of all kinds—of the stage, sport, the movies, or politics. It doesn't matter. When you go to Newport or Southampton as an amateur athletic star these society leaders are hospitality itself. They open their houses and receive you in the most gracious manner. Mighty glad to see you. But once you have turned professional you find a difference in their attitude.

I REMEMBER one of these big shots, a chap who owns a mansion on the cliffs at Newport. We became good friends when I was an amateur and he often entertained me there and in New York. When he met me on the street a week after I turned professional he didn't know me. That hurt at first. After a while you get used to it. The sequel to this is funny. It so happens that one of my best friends is Al Smith, Jr., the son of Al Smith. Naturally I knew the governor, and one day, long after having turned professional, I was waiting to see him in his outer office, when in walked my Newport society friend. He didn't see me or didn't care to see me. Soon the governor came out, called me "Vinnie," and drew me into his inside office. When I emerged, the society boy who was also waiting to see the governor suddenly remembered our acquaintance. And was he glad to see me? And how was the family? And, by the way, did I know Al and could I introduce him?

Yes, being a professional does make a difference. Not a real difference, not much of a difference in the things that count, but a difference in the superficials, that get you if you let them. Many amateur athletic clubs which would not permit me to join as a member because I am a professional, have no hesitation whatsoever about asking me to give exhibition matches, or lectures in which I supply the machine and the slides. All free, of course, for although they remember I am a professional when it comes to joining, they forget it when they have a favor to ask of me.

Nor am I the only professional to have felt this. Many a grand sportsman who is called a professional because he prefers to make a living out of sport openly, has also suffered in the same way. Before turning professional I was a (paid) member of the following clubs: the West Side Tennis Club of Forest Hills, Long Island, the New York Athletic Club, the Rockwood Hall Country Club, and others. I still am. None of these clubs ever actually requested my resignation after I turned professional, although for several years thereafter I did feel considerable less cordiality on the part of some members. But while I was a member of one of them and a professional tennis player, that great sportsman and fine fellow, Gene Tunney, was blackballed. Because he was a professional fighter!

In becoming a professional, then, the amateur loses caste, social standing, entrée to desirable society and delightful places. He travels less and sees less of the world. But, after all, these are nonessentials. Something far more important is lost by the professional—or at any rate by the tennis professional. For in golf a more liberal attitude permits the meeting of the amateur and professional in open tournaments. But in tennis the professional loses some-



Once you have turned professional it is curious how some good friends melt away.

★ HERE'S NEWS ★

An amazingly low-priced Auto Radio that's a Genuine G-E!

. . . *AND ONLY* $39.95!

TONE—real General Electric—"believe your own ears".

PERFORMANCE—new hook-up gives its 4 tubes the performance of 7.

INSTALLED—in less than an hour—and in amazingly small space.

See it at your nearest G-E Auto Radio Dealer's

GENERAL ELECTRIC
AUTO RADIO
General Electric Company, Section R-597,
Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Connecticut

Your Advertising Dollar

reaches more families per black and white page in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

Stop Itching Skin

Clean, soothing Zemo stops itching skin in five seconds—and corrects Eczema, Pimples, Ringworm, and Rashes. The way Zemo brings healing clearness to skin irritations is almost magic, because of its rare ingredients not found in other remedies. All druggists', 35c, 60c, $1. Extra Strength Zemo, double results, $1.25.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

thing which is very dear to him. He loses competition.

Probably this is the hardest thing of all for the top-class player who turns professional to endure. He is as good as ever; better perhaps, but he sees his skill slipping away little by little for lack of competition. One stiff tournament a year in this country and one a year in Europe is not sufficient. To all intents and purposes there is no such thing as competition for the tennis pro as there is for the golf pro.

When the tennis player turns professional he finds his competitive days are almost over.

In connection with the amateur-professional question I'd like to quote from a hitherto unpublished report of a meeting held to attempt to define and form a general definition of the term "amateur." All amateur sporting societies were represented at this meeting. The chairman of the meeting said, among other things, addressing the president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association:

"Is there any rule in the Tennis Association which prevents a member from taking part in a tournament or exhibition game where his expenses are paid by hotels, the railroad transportation is paid, and, if there is any such rule, is it lived up to?"

THE PRESIDENT: I can only say that I am very sorry we have no such rule.

THE CHAIRMAN: If a player does do such a thing—accept two or three weeks' board at a hotel and his railroad transportation and entertainment—he is not considered a professional?

THE PRESIDENT: Not according to our present rules.

THE CHAIRMAN: Well, of course this meeting is merely a conference. If this body makes definite suggestions, is it your thought that the Tennis Association would adopt them?

THE PRESIDENT: Though I could not in any way pledge the Tennis Association to that, I feel very strongly that they would vote for such a clause, for such a set of rules.

These quotations are taken from an unpublished report of the Conference of the I. C. A. A. A. A., Relative to Eligibility for Competition as an Amateur, held at the Hotel Astor, New York, on December 21, 1915.

Nearly eighteen years ago. This past winter the Tennis Association put into effect a delicate resolution that when two persons travel together to tournaments in a Ford, they can only draw railroad fares and lower berths for one and one half persons. Or something equally silly. In other words, after all these years' fiddling and fudging around, we are just about where we started from.

The solution? The solution of the whole problem, and the solution of the amateur-pro question, would be simple. An open tournament. Such as is held in golf. It would give the professional a chance for competition and an opportunity for real match play. It would give the best amateurs a chance to match their skill against the increasing number of good professional stars in the game.

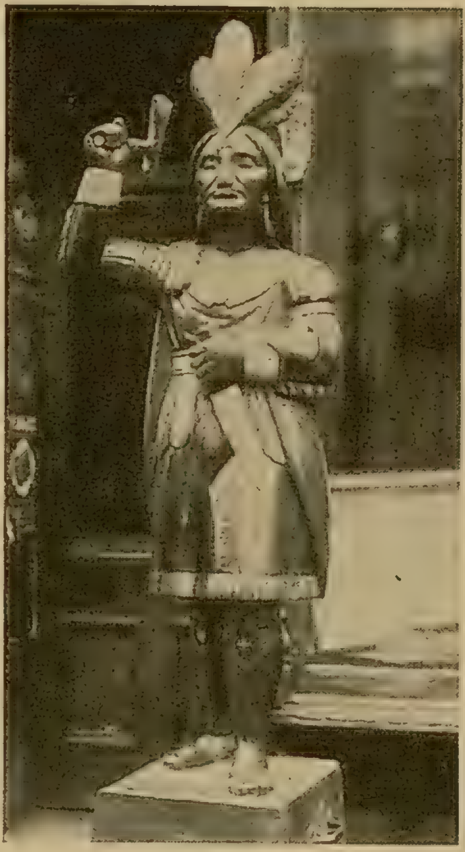
An open tournament would pack any stadium and bring in an enormous gate.

It also would obviate the necessity for the amateur to live off tennis. If he was any good he could compete in the open tournament, and either win a prize or make such a name that he would at once be valuable for himself. There would, of course, still be an amateur tennis championship of the United States, as there is in golf, for real amateurs. And the Davis Cup would still be played. With this distinction:

As it is played at present the Davis Cup almost causes a minor League war. With an open tournament the best players would tend to become professionals, leaving younger players and college boys to compete for the Davis Cup. Unquestionably the average standard of amateur and Davis Cup play would fall off all over the world. But the general standard of play would rise.

Meanwhile the open tournament would tell each year who is the best tennis player in the world, something that at present no one can say definitely. In presenting my ranking of the World's First Ten, amateur and professional, I am considering them on their playing form at the present time, on all surfaces. I believe that W. T. Tilden is the best tennis player

VANISHING AMERICA



THE WOODEN INDIAN

These good old wooden cigar-store Indians used to be a frequent sight in every city and village in the country. But, lo, the poor Indian is fast disappearing. Look around and see what good example YOU can find of Vanishing America. Liberty will pay $10 for every photograph published. Photographs will be returned provided a self-addressed and stamped envelope is inclosed. Send your photograph to Vanishing America, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

in the world today, despite his age.

Here, then, is my All-Time World's First Ten:

1. Tilden (professional) U. S.
2. Vines (amateur) U. S.
3. Cochet (amateur) France
4. Plaa (professional) France
5. Kozeluh (professional) Czech.
6. Borotra (amateur) France
7. Nusslein (professional) Germany
8. Richards (professional) U. S.
9. Allison (amateur) U. S.
10. Perry (amateur) England

A woman's ranking of this kind is much harder to make, as I have not played against the best women players of the present time. I shall therefore merely list the ten women players I think are the best of all time.

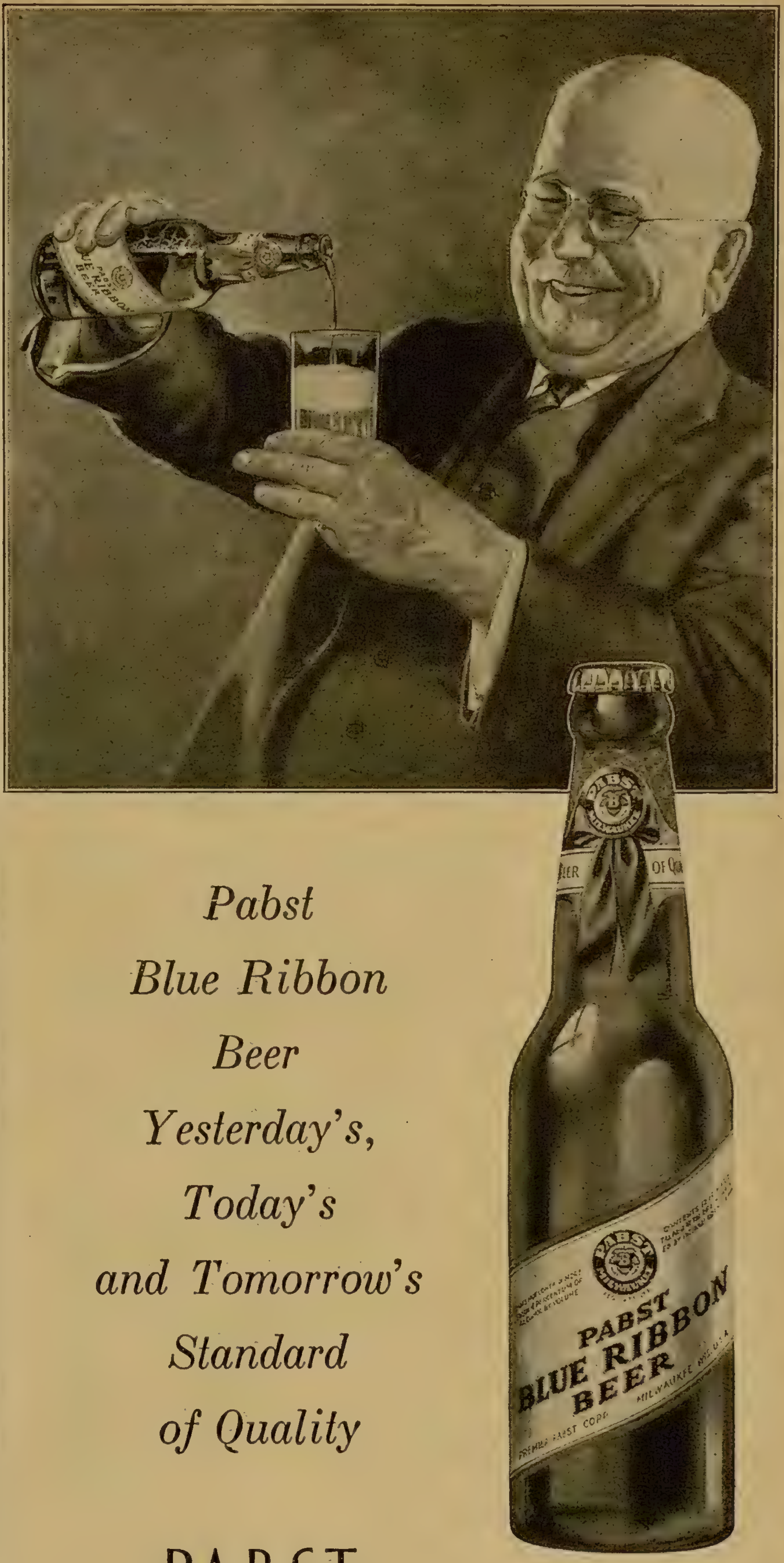
1. Suzanne Lenglen (professional) France
2. Mrs. Moody (amateur) U. S.
3. Mrs. Chambers (professional) England
4. Mrs. Godfree (amateur) England
5. Señorita d'Alvarez (amateur) Spain
6. Mrs. Bundy (amateur) U. S.
7. Mrs. Larcombe (professional) England
8. Mrs. Sterry (amateur) England
9. Mrs. Mallory (amateur) U. S.
10. Mrs. Hillyard (amateur) England

Unquestionably Suzanne Lenglen has gone back in recent years. She would be beaten by Mrs. Moody today, because she has lacked what most professionals have lacked—competition. But if we have missed competition, we have had other things to make up for it. The professional knows where he is all the time. The amateur doesn't. Ex-amateur. That's me. And glad of it.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 14

1—A range of hills in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
2—The Indian term meaning wild rushing channel.
3—In 1869.
4—Georgetown.
5—About 5,500 miles.
6—The East Indian name for a coral island.
7—4,339 miles.
8—Two soft bodies situated in front of the lower portion of the ears.
9—A wild ox, native to India.
10—From a French word meaning "lump."
11—Composer of operas.
12—A village in the extreme south of Germany.
13—In 1778 a band of Indians and Tories attacked the colonists in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania, killing most of the able-bodied men.
14—December 2, 1804.
15—An Arab state lying east of the Jordan.
16—Ontario, with 26,436 in the 1921 census.
17—A town at the foot of Mount Parnassus.
18—Reason of state.
19—An English poet and writer killed in the Dardanelles campaign during the World War.
20—James I of England.



Pabst

Blue Ribbon

Beer

Yesterday's,

Today's

and Tomorrow's

Standard

of Quality

PABST

BLUE RIBBON

The Beer of Quality

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By Right of

by
R. T. M. SCOTT

(Reading time: 26 minutes 5 seconds.)

GREGORY BRUNTON, chairman and managing director of Brunton & Company, was late. Half a dozen directors waited in the somber board room on the top floor of the huge department store. Their faces were more serious than their conversation as they gazed from a window over roaring New York City. You will remember that financial faces were very serious in 1931.

"Brunton's late," remarked one of the directors. "Wonder what he wants this time."

"Our chairman probably intends to skip the next dividend," suggested another director dolefully.

"Can't do that without our vote," snapped the first speaker.

"Can't?" asked a third man with a laugh. "Don't say 'can't' to Brunton unless you want him to charge you like a bull. Even 'cannot' makes him see red."

Meanwhile: Gregory Brunton strode about his private office and dictated letters to a very pretty stenographer. She was pretty from the top of her head to the toe of her shoe. And above her shoe there was a very long silk stocking. Brunton, however, paid no attention to girl or stockings as he strode about the room.

Old Stimson, confidential secretary through two generations of Bruntons, sat, notebook in hand, beside the great mahogany table which Gregory Brunton used mostly to sit upon. Stimson's eyes showed high appreciation as he listened to the dictation and watched the powerful figure of his younger master striding about the room.

"What's next, Stimson?" asked Brunton as he finished a letter and started taking golf togs from a cabinet.

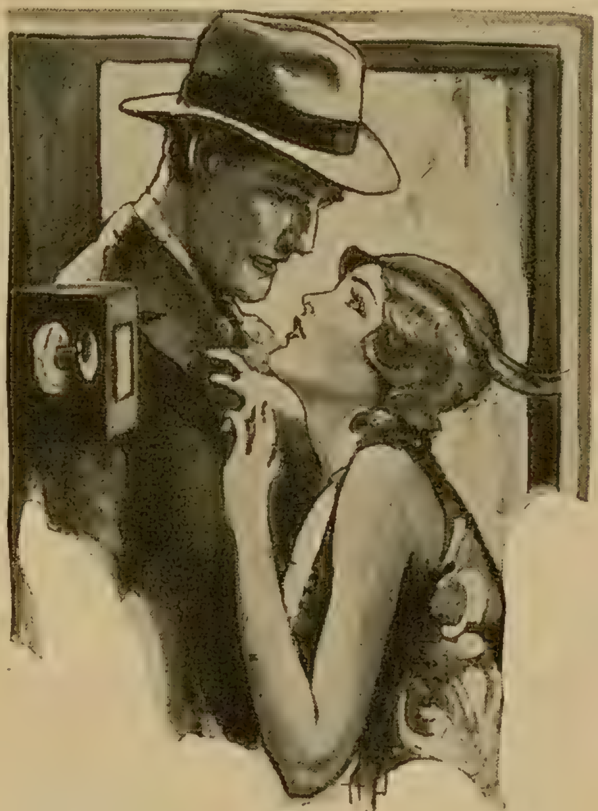
"Unfortunately there are two matters which need attention—rather serious matters, sir," replied Stimson. "And the board of directors are waiting for their weekly informal meeting, sir."

"Damn the directors!" returned Brunton, throwing the clothes angrily upon the table. "I'll see them on my way out."

An automatic announcer signaled and announced that Miss Brunton wished to see her brother.

"Send her in at once," directed Brunton into the announcer and turned back to Stimson. "I forgot that my sister was going to drop in with her fiancé. I don't know the fellow very well. We'll stop work for a few minutes."

Stimson left the room immediately and the stenographer started to follow him when Brunton caught her by the arm and pulled her down into her chair with considerably more strength than was necessary. Certainly the girl was surprised but she showed no resentment at all.



"Your trick worked," she whispered into his collar, which was as high as she could reach.

"I want you to do something for me, Miss Brown," said Brunton.

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Sure you don't mind?"

"Oh, *no*, sir."

"Take a notebook and pretend to be working," continued Brunton, standing in front of her and surveying her critically.

"Yes, sir," she said, puzzled but doing as she was directed.

"Now, Miss Brown," said Brunton, "let me see you cross your legs."

The stenographer gave a giggle that was exceedingly silly and yet, strangely enough, which possessed a peculiar attraction.

She hesitated a moment and then crossed her legs with exaggeration.

"Don't be absurd!" reproved Brunton. "I don't want a living picture. Cross 'em again—the way you would in Sunday school."

Again the stenographer giggled in her peculiar silly-attractive manner. Once again she crossed her legs and this time moderately but very nicely, thank you.

"Well," commented Brunton, "that's better, but it would wreck a Sunday school. Now, every time I ask you a question, I want you to cross your legs and answer in the affirmative. Understand?"

"No, sir! I mean yes, sir! Oh, I don't know what I mean but I'll do it anyway."

"And stop that silly giggling!" Brunton continued. "Understand?"

"Yes, sir," she replied very quickly, crossing her legs as she spoke.

This comedy was forced to a termination by the entrance of Nan Brunton, followed by her fiancé, Maurice Manson. Nan was much younger than her brother and beautiful and she possessed the Brunton vigor. Manson was about Brunton's age but was much more of a drawing-room man.

"Hello, Greg!" exclaimed Nan. "My car broke down. Drive us home in yours, will you?"

"Hello, Brunton," greeted Manson. "How is the great man of business?"

"Don't be so formal, Maurice," interrupted Nan. "Call him Greg. You two have got to be close friends."

"So you are really going to marry him, Nan?" asked Brunton.

"He can't get away from me," returned Nan promptly.

"Well," commented Brunton, "this love business is beyond me. I can't understand it."

"Of course you can't," retorted Nan. "You have never been in love, but just wait!"

"What about you, Manson?" asked Brunton. "Are you quite sure that you really love Nan?"

"Gregory, old man," answered Manson quite a bit too impressively, "she is the only woman in the world for me."

"Don't be so sentimental, Maurice," cut in Nan. "What about the car, Greg? Will you drive us out?"

"Is there a board meeting this afternoon, Miss Brown?" asked Brunton, watching Manson out of the corner of his eye.

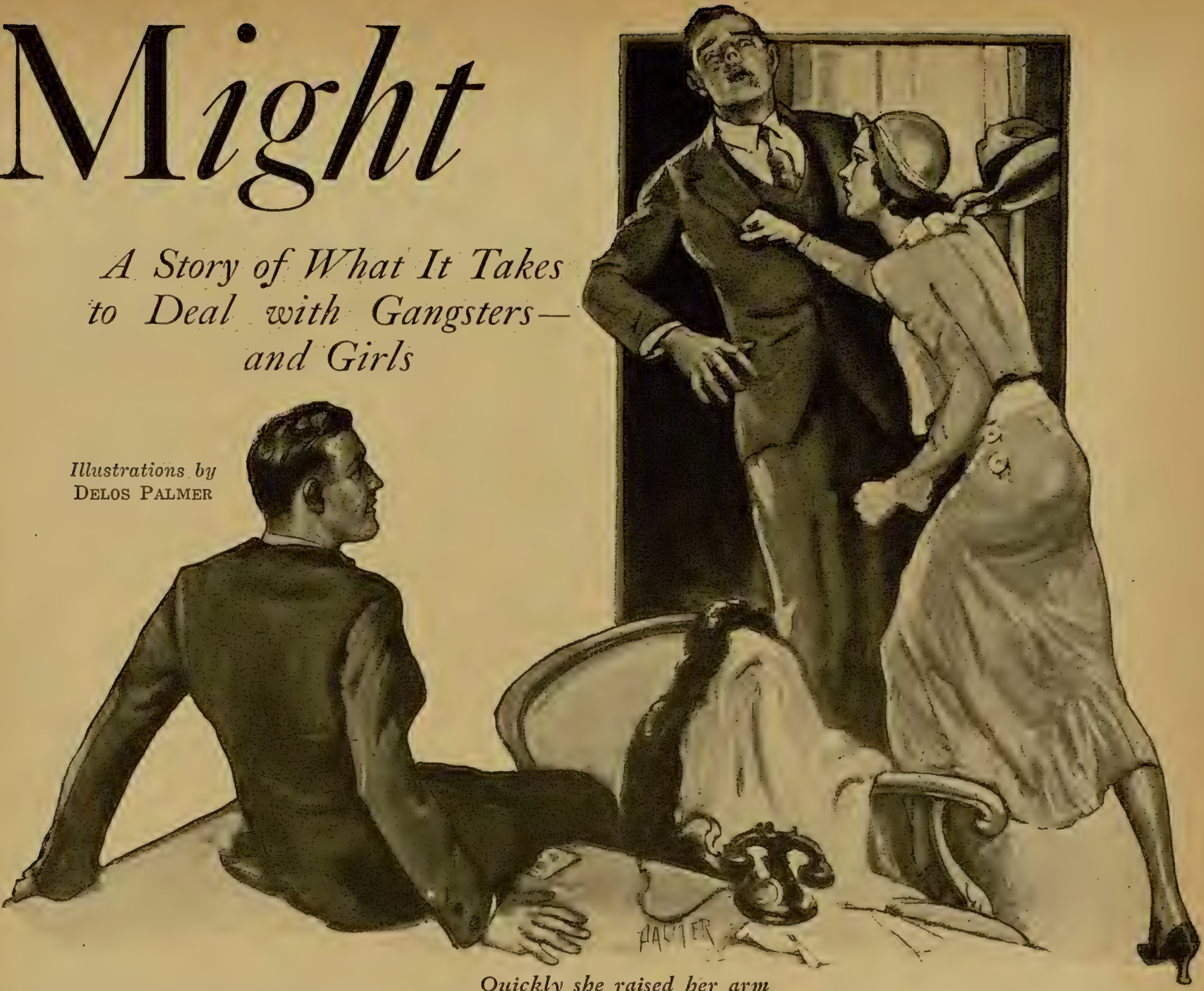
"Yes, sir," replied the stenographer while she brought an additional length of silk stocking into view as she crossed her legs.

It was quite apparent that Manson caught the gleam of

Might

A Story of What It Takes to Deal with Gangsters—and Girls

Illustrations by
DELOS PALMER



Quickly she raised her arm and drove her closed fist into his face with such force that he staggered backward.

silk. He turned his head slightly toward Miss Brown while Brunton noted the downward direction of his gaze and smiled.

“If Nan is the *only* woman to attract you, Manson,” said Brunton, “you can have the pleasure of driving her up the Hudson in my car. I shall be detained by a directors' meeting.” Brunton closed the door behind his visitors and frowned while he commenced to change his clothes, when he remembered his stenographer and suggested, indifferently, that she had better get out of his dressing room. She left slowly and with a giggle at the door, having been highly entertained.

Stimson returned to find his employer sitting on the table while he drew on his stockings.

“You know that our delivery cars are meeting with a lot of accidents on the streets,” began Stimson. “Customers are becoming angry because deliveries are often badly delayed. There are too many of these smashes for them all to be accidents. Our store superintendent suggests that we join the Consolidated Protective Association.”

“The Consolidated Protective Association is a racket posing as a detective agency!” roared Brunton, springing to his feet from the table. “They smash the cars of those who don't join them. Our store superintendent is out of a job. He hasn't the guts to fight or he is in the pay of that racket. In either case, fire him!”

“He is an important man to discharge, sir,” returned Stimson gravely.

“Nonsense!” retorted Brunton hotly. “There are hundreds of good executives without work this year. We can fill the position easily.”

Miss Brown returned to the office a few moments after Stimson had left, causing Brunton to wheel toward the door. “Who told you to come back?” he demanded. “How did you know I was dressed?”

“You don't take long to do things, sir,” she replied coolly.

“Would it have made any difference to you?” he asked with a quick grin.

“*Oh, no,* sir!” she admitted and followed with her rippling giggle.

“Stop that damned giggling!” commanded Brunton. “It's the only thing in the store that I can't turn into money.” Suddenly he pounded the table with such violence that Miss Brown nearly jumped out of her chair. “Did I say can't? Just for that, I *will* turn your silly laugh into money. You are a clever girl, but with that giggle you can pass for a fool. Will you do something for me if I fire you from the store and put you on my private pay roll at a hundred per week?”

MISS BROWN'S mouth opened wide in genuine astonishment.

“Uh-huh!” she said at last before she closed it. “*Ab-so-lute-ly!* Anything at all!”

“Anything?” asked Brunton.

“*Ab-so-lute-ly!*” was the emphatic reply.

“Humph!” grunted Brunton. “You ought to be ashamed of yourself.”

“Yes, sir,” she answered, giggling, “but I'm not.”

“Well, anything might be expected with a laugh like that,” said Brunton. “Take it over to the Consolidated Protective Association and ask them for a job. Say that you were my confidential stenographer and that I fired you because you misdirected a letter. Tell 'em you hate me and let 'em have a look at your stockings. Report to me by telephone. If they hire you, and I think they will, I'll tell you what to do next.”

Brunton turned toward the announcer and directed that the advertising manager be sent to the board room.

“Gentlemen,” Brunton told the directors a few minutes later, “I have brought the advertising manager here to listen while I outline a new policy for the store. As fast as possible I want every employee under twenty-five years of age to be dismissed and replaced by men and women between thirty-five and fifty.”

“You can't do it,” objected one of the directors. “The store won't be smart if it is filled up with old people.”

“I can't, eh?” snapped Brunton. “Well, you have heard the order. In this depression I am going to send the children home to wash the dishes and help around the house while their elders earn the money and maintain their pride.”

YARDLEYGRAM

By Herbert O. Yardley

U	N	E	D	B	U	●D	A	V	E	F	T
O	T	T	T	Y	T	E	S	I	D	A	E
C	R	A	H	E	T	O	S	K	H	D	R
E	Y	R	E	G	E	H	R	E	I	E	T
V	W	O	R	M	I	K	A	B	S	S	H
I	H	C	N	A	D	N	W	N	N	A	E
T	E	E	G	O	E	N	S	O	E	E	W
A	R	D	E	V	S	S	L	I	C	L	A
N	E	S	R	N	F	O	T	W	K	E	R
S	H	A	E	M	R	P	N	E	W	R	A
I	E	W	N	★T	E	S	I	D	A	S	N
H	O	T	D	E	N	R	U	T	E	R	D

There is a complete message hidden in the square above. It can be found by drawing a contiuonus pencil line through the correct letters, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. The pencil lines, when done correctly, will give a symmetrical design. No letter may be used more than once. A clue to the solution of this Yardleygram can be found in the answer to last week's, to be found on page 52. Start at the ● Finish at the ★
The solution will appear next week.

“It isn't being done,” interjected another director. “The man of forty is finished. He can't get a job today. All New York will laugh at us. In this financial depression it might be the last straw to smash us.”

Suddenly Brunton turned on his advertising manager.

“What have you got to say?” he demanded.

“It's front-page publicity, sir,” answered the advertising manager quickly. “It's a stroke of genius. The people will—”

“Never mind what the people will do,” interrupted Brunton. “As long as you and I know it, that's enough. Box the news in all our advertisements and take a page in every New York newspaper.”

That ended the informal board meeting. Back in his private office Brunton learned that the Consolidated Protective Association had called him personally on the telephone. He asked to be connected with them and roared over the wire when the connection was made.

“Who is speaking?” he demanded. “Pimples? That's a hell of a name. . . . Oh, Wimpoles. Well, Wimpoles, I don't want your protection and you can't sell it to me. You can take your bogus detectives straight to hell!”

He slammed down the telephone just as Stimson burst into the room. “There has been another smash!” Stimson exclaimed excitedly. “A heavy truck crashed one of our delivery cars. The police report that the truck driver escaped and that the truck was stolen.”

“Damn!” exploded Brunton.

“I am sorry to say, sir,” continued Stimson, “that the special guard on our car was killed.”

BRUNTON'S hand fell accidentally upon the telephone he had been using and his powerful fingers gripped the instrument. He rose to his feet and walked across the office, forgetful of the telephone in his hand until the cord snapped. Then he flung the instrument through a window and wheeled upon old Stimson.

“Have a large Roll of Honor made,” he directed, “and have it placed just inside the avenue entrance of our store. Head it: ‘Killed in Action with New York Gangsters.’ Place the name of our dead guard at the head of the list.”

“Yes, sir,” said Stimson.

“And tell the advertising manager to have the Honor Roll photographed,” continued Brunton, “and plates made for use in all our page advertisements. Tell him to play it up that Brunton & Company will fight gangdom to the last ditch.”

That night, in the library of the huge country house of the Bruntons, overlooking the Hudson near Storm King, Gregory Brunton sat with his father before a roaring log fire and discussed business troubles and particularly the vicious rackets which existed in the city. Old Richard Brunton was very like his son Gregory, except that his hair was white and he was lame from a riding accident. It was quite evident that they were very much in harmony and extremely devoted to each other.

“That's right, son,” roared the old man as if his son were in the next room, “give 'em hell! If they knock you out I'll come back to the store myself and clean up the whole city. I'd come back anyway if I didn't think that one Brunton was enough for any job.”

Later in the evening Gregory Brunton took his sister's fiancé for a stroll along the cliff overlooking the river.

“MANSON,” he said, “if I were going to marry your sister I would expect you to look me up financially. That is what I have done to you, and there is something which puzzles me.”

“Yes?” queried Manson laconically. “Can I assist you?”

“Your income is reported to me as moderate,” continued Brunton, “but your expenditure is very high. You are living in a costly suite and your other expenses are in proportion. You have a good-sized yacht, several cars, and some good mounts. How do you do it?”

“Well, old man,” returned Manson, “I have some confidential investments which your agents did not discover. Have dinner with me next week and I'll show you my books—confidentially, of course.”

“Beating the income tax, eh?” suggested Brunton, slapping his companion playfully but rather forcibly on the side. “Hello! What have you got there? Are you wearing a gun under your dinner coat?”

“Why—ah—yes,” admitted Manson. “Dangerous times, you know.”

“Well, I'll be damned!” was Brunton's comment.

“You have a pistol permit, yourself,” retorted Manson.

“Yes, but I don't carry a pistol to dinner with me,” said Brunton. “In fact I don't carry one at all. By the way, how did you know that I had a permit for a pistol?”

“Oh—ah—Nan mentioned it, I think,” said Manson casually. . . .

Brunton always walked through the huge store before leaving for the day. He was surprised this afternoon, however, as he was passing a row of telephone booths, by a young woman who deliberately pushed him into one of the open booths. He was still more surprised when the young woman squeezed into the booth after him and closed the door. Unexpectedly pressed against a young woman in this manner and suddenly aware of an alluring perfume which she wore, it required a moment or so for him to recognize her uptilted face in the dim light of the booth. It was Miss Brown.

“Your trick worked,” she whispered into his collar, which was as high as she could reach. “The Consolidated Protective Association hired me like a shot, but they don't quite trust me yet.”

“Good girl!” replied Brunton, trying not to shove her through the glass door every time he breathed. "But why didn't you telephone?"

"Didn't have time," she answered. "They are after you with a machine gun in a taxi. I followed the taxi. It's a red one—just around the corner, off Fifth Avenue."

Brunton swore. Miss Brown giggled. "The job's too dangerous for you," said Brunton. "Get back to work in my office tomorrow."

Then he was off—through the crowded aisles and out the main entrance to the avenue. He turned sharply and headed straight toward a red taxi which stood at the curb on the side street. Three men were in that taxi—a driver in front and two men on the back seat.

All three men saw him coming and were visibly agitated by the directness of his course and the rapidity of his walk. There was consternation among them when he jerked open the taxi door and crashed himself down between the two men on the back seat.

The driver glanced helplessly from a policeman on the corner to his two companions. In the cab the man on the outside was jammed helplessly by the weight of Brunton's body while the man on the inside found an arm seized cruelly by the sudden intruder.

"Grand Central Station," ordered Brunton savagely and the driver could think of nothing better to do but obey.

AS the car swung into the avenue, Brunton kicked the rug aside and exposed a short automatic rifle. He bent the arm he was holding until the man shrieked. He bent it farther backward until it snapped. The pain was so severe that the man lost consciousness and slumped down on the floor of the car.

Brunton opened the door of the taxi and shoved the unconscious man to the street, where he rolled beside the curb. He kicked the automatic rifle after him and closed the door. There were screams and police whistles in the rear.

The driver drove on, too terror-stricken to do anything else. Brunton's remaining companion sat very still, except for a little trembling, and made no resistance when Brunton opened his coat and exposed a pistol which he contemptuously refrained from removing.

"No guts, eh?" taunted Brunton disdainfully. "Have to carry a gun like any weakling, eh?"

The man did not answer and Brunton did not speak again until they reached Grand Central Station, where he seemed to help, but really forced, his companion out of the car.

"Drive the bus home, James," gibed Brunton to the driver and walked off through the crowds in the station with the man who carried a gun under his left armpit.

They walked close together through the crowd. Brunton held his companion's arm in what would appear to be a friendly way but which was in reality cruelly compulsory. Near the

LISTERINE
SHAVING
CREAM
LAMBERT

The LISTERINE people want you to try their new, cooler Shaving Cream

15 SHAVES FREE

Listerine Shaving Cream in the giant tube lathers even with ice water

It takes nerve to enter the shaving cream field today; competition is fierce; a cream must be exceptional or fail automatically.

We entered it with Listerine Shaving Cream. We want you to believe as we believe that no cream at any price can offer so much shaving comfort. The only way that you can be the judge is to try the cream itself—at our expense. We therefore offer you a tube containing 15 free shaves.

Already nearly 500,000 men have switched from former favorites to Listerine Shaving Cream. In every case a trial tube convinced them of its outstanding superiority. You, too, will discover it. There's simply no getting away from it.

When you get your trial tube of Listerine Shaving Cream, note how quickly it lathers . . . with brush or without. In hot water, warm water, cold water—even ice water.

Note how that balmy, satin-like lather lasts—does not dry, harden, or "fall down"; thick, creamy, soothing, at all times.

Be on the lookout, too, for that delightfully cool, fresh feeling that this unusual cream imparts to the skin; no redness, no rawness, no burning.

See how little of it you have to use to get the perfect shave.

Lastly, bear in mind that the regular size tube contains 104 shaves and sells for 25¢. That's the common sense price for a quality product. To pay more is folly.

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

25¢

Clip coupon NOW

➡

Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. L7S, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Below is my name and address. Please send me, free and postpaid, your large sample tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

____

____

____

gateway to the train Brunton stopped a few yards from a policeman.

"Well, good-by, old man," said Brunton in a jovial voice as he released the arm. "Nice of you to see me off on my train."

The man said nothing but turned swiftly away, about to walk off. He had not taken the first step, however, when Brunton lifted his foot and kicked him. The foot was large and the shoe heavy. The kick was prodigious—a football kick. There was a scream and the victim seemed to rise before he fell on his face.

A man stepped up to Brunton and turned back his coat to reveal a detective badge.

"I saw what happened," he said. "Do you know that you just kicked one of the nastiest gunmen in New York?"

"Well," said Brunton, "isn't it quite all right to kick gunmen?"

"It's all right with me," replied the detective, "but you will surely be put on the spot—rubbed out. I know who you are, Mr. Brunton, and you certainly need police protection if you have started in to kick our gunmen around the city."

The next day Greg Brunton's office door opened and his sister Nan entered.

"Hello, Greg!" she called. "For once you don't seem to be busy and you aren't shouting. Anything wrong?"

"Plenty!" said Brunton grimly. "But that's life."

"I told Maurice to meet me here," Nan explained. "Do you mind?"

"Not more than I can endure, Nan," returned her brother. "You know I don't like the fellow."

"Show me anything wrong with him, Greg, and I'll give him the air," she offered lightly.

"Is that a promise?" he asked quickly.

"Word of a Brunton!" she answered emphatically.

A telephone tinkled upon the table.

"That's my private wire," said Brunton. "Ask who wants to speak to me, Nan."

Nan spoke over the wire and showed sudden surprise before she turned to her brother.

"It's a man named Wimpoles," she said, covering the mouthpiece. "He wants to come over and see you about something important."

"How the devil did he get my unlisted telephone number?" demanded Brunton angrily.

"Perhaps Maurice told him," said Nan, and spoke again into the telephone: "Mr. Brunton will see you as soon as you arrive."

"Why the devil did you do that?" roared Brunton at his sister from across the office as she hung up the telephone.

THE thunder and lightning of a brother-and-sister row were in the air, but Brunton was too astonished to be angry when Nan informed him that Wimpoles was a close friend of her fiancé, Maurice Manson. She had recognized Wimpoles' voice instantly.

"Yesterday," she explained, "I used an upstairs telephone and accidentally cut in on a conversation that Maurice was having over another instrument in the house. He was talking very intimately with this same man. We have to be decent to Maurice's friends and so I told him that you would see him."

"Wimpoles is the manager of the Consolidated Protective Association," thundered Brunton, "and the Consolidated Protective Association is a racket! They have already killed one of our men, and yesterday they tried to bump me off."

"Are you quite certain of this?" asked Nan in a shocked voice.

"Quite!" snapped Brunton. "I'm going to the mat with Maurice Manson over this."

"Oh, no, you're not!" retorted Nan in a sudden fury. "I'll handle this myself. I'm a Brunton too!"

And a few minutes later, when Maurice Manson entered, Brunton was swinging his legs from the table while his sister paced furiously about the office.

"Your friend Wimpoles just telephoned," commenced Nan without a moment of hesitation.

"Ye-es?" questioned Manson in some surprise. "He is not exactly a friend. The fact is that he invested a little money for me."

"Don't lie!" returned Nan angrily. "I accidentally cut in on your telephone conversation yesterday. You and Wimpoles were as friendly as thieves and I think that is exactly what you both are."

"You wish to break our engagement?" suggested Manson with just the faintest of smiles.

"I'll give you a Brunton answer," returned Nan with that lack of emphasis which was the Brunton danger signal.

Quickly she raised her arm and drove her closed fist into his face with such force that he staggered backward. He staggered back to the door, jerked it open, and slammed it after him as he left the room.

"Atta girl!" shouted Brunton, rocking with laughter. Nan was soberly rubbing her knuckles when Wimpoles was announced.

"Want to stay?" Brunton asked. "You may see something that you will never forget."

SHE nodded gravely, picked up a notebook, and took the stenographer's chair. For a moment he regarded her critically.

"You don't know how to giggle, do you?" he asked.

Nan smiled. "Who's the girl?" she asked. "Is it the stenographer who inveigled Maurice with her nice legs the day before yesterday?"

"Did you notice *that?*" demanded Brunton in amazement.

"Of course, stupid," replied Nan. "You men never get away with anything like that. That was the real reason that I hit him in the face." She paused. "Well, she's a nice girl. I wish you luck with her."

Wimpoles stopped further conversation upon the subject. He was a large man almost as tall as Brunton and a little heavier. His face was too fat and his lower lip a trifle too full. A slow and easy manner seemed to display supreme confidence.

Gregory Brunton sat upon his table with swinging legs and surveyed his visitor in silence. Silence from Brunton was always dangerous.

"Mr. Brunton," said Wimpoles suavely, "I have brought a contract for you to sign. We do everything legally, you know, and the contract has been drawn up very carefully by our lawyers. I am going to offer you our services to protect your delivery cars on trial for two months at the bargain price of five thousand dollars per month."

"Wimpoles," answered Brunton without any show of anger, a still more dangerous sign, "you are a piker. If you had asked five thousand per *week* I would have thought more of you."

"Then suppose we make it five thousand per week," suggested Wimpoles without the slightest hesitation, "and suppose we rebate half the amount to you *personally.*"

"Besides being a piker, you are also a fool," retorted Brunton, "if you think you can bribe me."

"Then I shall have to force you, Mr. Brunton," said Wimpoles, quite unruffled. "I happen to know that your father is riding along the lonely river road near Storm King this afternoon. Two of our best men are waiting near a telephone in a near-by town. I do not know the name of the town or the number of the telephone. Those two men are expert rifle shots. If I bring your signed contract back to our office before three o'clock, those two men will be called back to the city at once. Otherwise, Mr. Brunton, they will motor along the lonely river road and--"

Slowly Brunton slipped off the table and stood before Wimpoles. He still controlled his face so that it was quite expressionless.

"You are helpless, Mr. Brunton," said Wimpoles. "Are you ready to sign?"

"Wimpoles," said Brunton at last, "I am going to show you what my father would do to me if I signed that contract."

Brunton turned a little to the left as his right fist curved up and caught Wimpoles on the point of the jaw. The whole weight of his body was behind that terrific blow. Wimpoles' head jerked back sickeningly and he crashed upon the floor, senseless.

Old Stimson heard the fall and entered the office while Brunton was directing his sister to grab her car and motor out to Storm King.

"Hit seventy miles an hour," Brunton said to his sister, "and see if you can reach father in time." Then, noticing Stimson, who was bending over Wimpoles: "Throw some water over that rat."

But Stimson shook his head in dismay. "There's no pulse, sir," he said. "He's dead!"

"Dead, eh!" exclaimed Brunton, picking up his hat and rushing to the door, where he paused for a moment. "It will be technical manslaughter. Call our legal department. Tell them to have bail ready and to prepare the necessary legal technicalities. I'll fight these gangsters in their own style."

THREE men sat around a large table in the Consolidated Protective Association with a pack of cards. At the typewriter table sat Miss Brown, copying addresses from a telephone book. The men started as the door opened and Manson entered.

"Heard from Wimpoles yet?" Manson asked curtly.

"Not yet," replied one of the men. "He's probably got his hands full with that bird Brunton."

"Dial Brunton's private line, Miss Brown. Listen for his voice but don't speak yourself. You may hear some conversation in his office while the receiver is off the hook."

Miss Brown turned slowly toward the telephone and commenced to dial when the door burst open and slammed shut with a bang. Gregory Brunton stood in the room.

Manson scarcely showed any surprise at all, but the other men sprang to their feet with drawn pistols. Miss Brown stopped dialing and stood up, trembling.

"Did Wimpoles ask you to bring the contract over, Brunton?" questioned Manson coolly.

"Wimpoles is dead," growled Brunton, lowering his head a trifle as if he were going to charge like a bull. "I killed him."

Manson gave a low whistle of surprise. "Wimpoles bungled it, eh? Not so good! Wimpoles told you about your father?"

"He did," admitted Brunton grimly.

"And you came over here to save your father by signing the contract?" asked Manson. "Good man!"

"I came over here to smash every one of you!" stated Brunton slowly.

"You still have five minutes to save your father," said Manson, glancing quickly at his watch. "Do you see that blind drawn over the window? High up in the Empire State Building a man is watching that blind with a pair of field glasses. If I raise the blind before three o'clock he will call our men back from their job on the road near your country house. Sign the contract and you can have dinner with your father tonight."

BRUNTON lurched forward toward the window but stopped under the threat of three pistols.

Suddenly Manson glanced toward the window and swore. Miss Brown was approaching the covered window with hand outstretched to grasp the blind.

"Come back, damn you!" yelled Manson.

But Miss Brown did not stop. She had almost grasped the blind when Manson jerked out a pistol and fired. It was the only way to stop her in time. The girl screamed and fell to the floor, struggling unsuccessfully, even while falling, to reach the blind.

In that moment of distraction something else began to happen in that shabby room. The three gunmen turned back to see Brunton lifting Manson into the air. There was no time to use their pistols, even if they had dared to do so, before Manson was hurled completely through the window, carrying the blind with him to the street below. Perhaps the uncovering of the window, signal for his father's release from death, increased the mad abandon which consumed Brunton. Perhaps the girl, crumpled upon the floor, sent him mad. He turned upon the three gunmen in a fury that was terrifying. One man fired and missed. A second man fired. Brunton staggered a little but it took more than one bullet to stop this mad giant. Perhaps they thought that both bullets struck him. He seemed unkillable as he hurled the typewriter and followed the heavy missile like a jungle animal leaping upon its prey.

One of the gunmen fled the room in pure fright. Another, struck by the typewriter, fell and writhed weakly upon the floor. The third fired again and Brunton staggered considerably, then seized his last antagonist by the throat and fell upon him on the floor.

The third gangster lay still when Brunton rolled off him and raised himself slowly upon an elbow.

Across the floor crawled Miss Brown.

"Hurt much?" asked Brunton, letting his head sink weakly to the floor.

"Right leg," she answered, "but it's not too bad. Shall I call an ambulance?"

"Dial my private line," he said, and when she had done so he took the instrument and did not seem to notice that her arm was around his neck, supporting his head.

"Stimson," he said, "I'm at the office of the Consolidated Protective Association. Some of these gangsters may be dead and the police will be up here any minute. Send a couple of lawyers over here in a hurry."

She took the telephone from his trembling hand. "He's badly hurt!" she called. "Send a doctor."

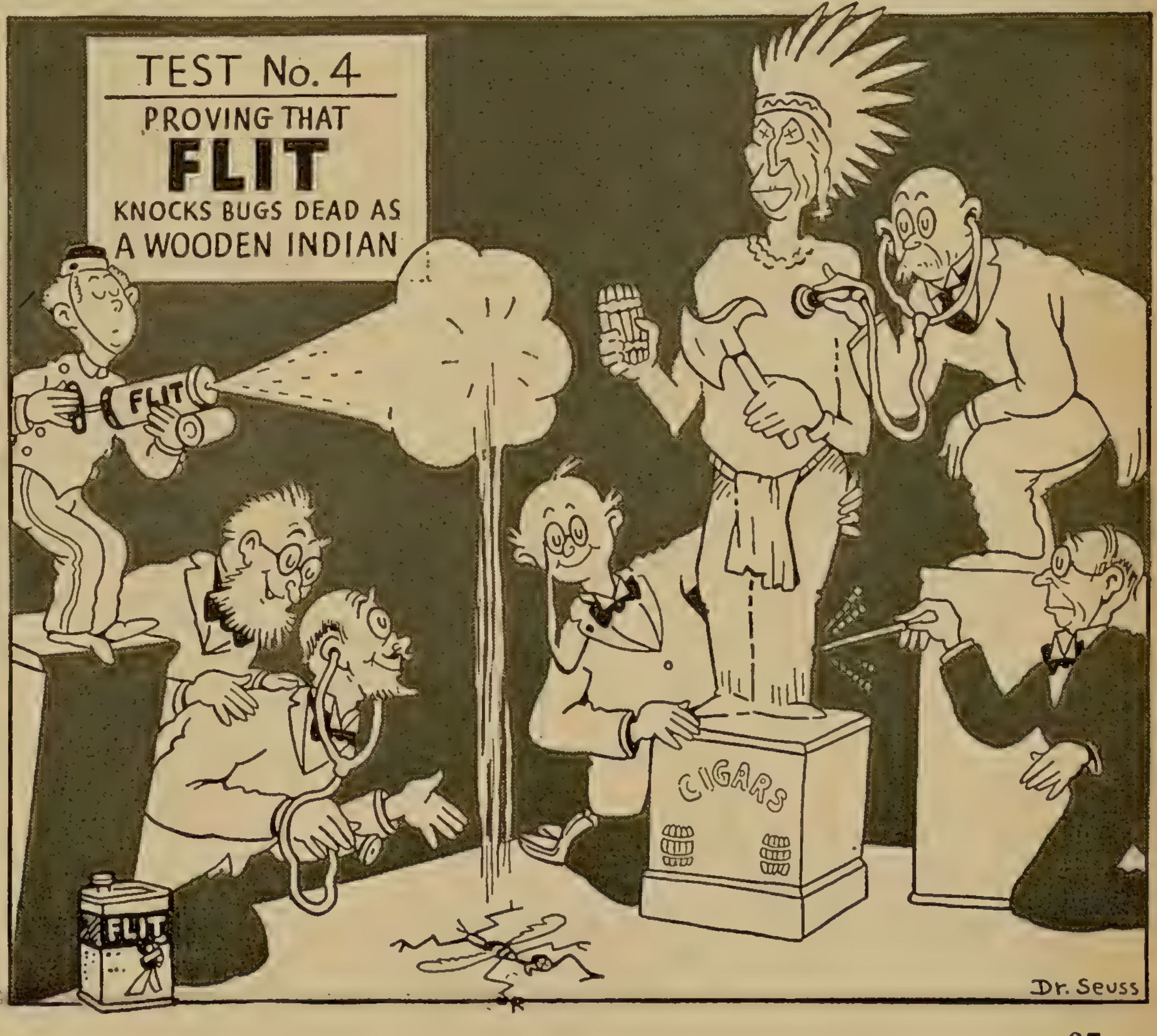
She still had her arm around his neck when the telephone was laid upon the floor.

"I'll say you have guts," he said faintly, looking into her eyes. "Will you marry me?"

There was just the faintest giggle but there was no mistaking its meaning.

THE END

Advertisement



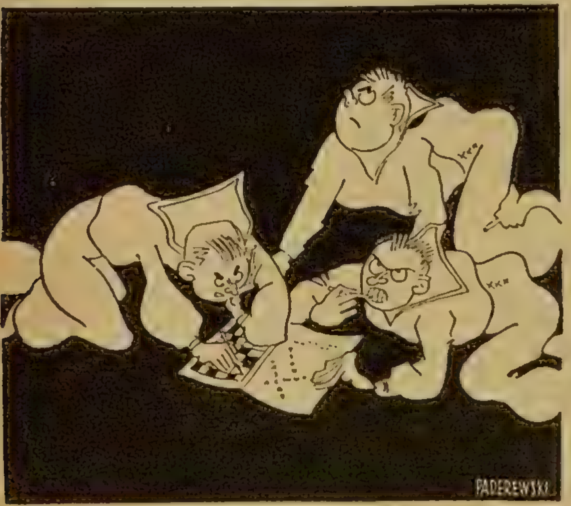
U.S.
MAIL
Paderewski

Vox

Wild Life with the Radio Boys of the Destroyer Force

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I'm one of the seven radio men on one of Uncle Sam's destroyers—one of seven men who work together, cuss each other out, horn in on each other's dames, and read each other's magazines.

Each week somebody here in the radio gang brings back a Liberty from the beach and sits down quietly to read it. He may get up to attend to some business and leave dear old Liberty lying on the desk, whence it is promptly snatched by one of the other guys, who proceeds to read it himself—somewhere else.



(Due to this procedure I now sit on my Liberty to write up a message.)

In the course of two days everybody in the gang has snatched and read the precious little thing, tried to work the puzzles, etc. Sometimes we get together and attack the Cross Word Puzzle *en force,* or descend upon the Twenty Questions with all the power of our mighty minds. In such cases we *usually* work the Cross Word Puzzle and make a passing grade on the Twenty Questions.—*C. B., U.S.S. Upshur.*

The Old-Time American Spirit on the Subject of Veterans and the World War Debts

TULSA, OKLA.—The great magazines of this country, great because they reach a tremendous number of readers, have for three years been analyzing, dissecting, reaching negative conclusions, and ending the vicious circle of their cogitations with some such inane statement as: " The former administration gave the veterans scant consideration, but they can expect much better treatment from the New Deal."

In France in '18 we called it guts: in the effete year 1933 we call it *intestinal fortitude*, such is the effect of our vaunted liberalism. In France we said, "*Let's go do it*": in 1933 we hear, " Maybe "—" Perhaps "—" At some distant time "—" If God is willing "—" It might be done."

A million men will take issue with Liberty's editorial of June 10, and especially that portion in which you state that there is a law of God, and a law that man has created, *and also another law*, " a law that is a definite part of human instinct."

This last law is the first and greatest law. It is the law of self-preservation, extended to others. It is a dangerous law to attempt to thwart.

In 1917 and 1918 four million were taught two words: " Advance—kill! " And although time may have to some extent healed the scars of memory, of the realization of the benign (?) government's care and interest in her soldiers, still the memory of " Advance—kill! " remains with us.

Does Liberty dare to blaze the way clearly, that no American can become confused, to the end that each reader of Liberty and the friends of Liberty's readers will individually write to his congressman, his senator, and his President, *demanding* that these, his representatives, fulfill their oath of office " to serve the United States of America "? And further demanding that a complete review of every veteran case be undertaken within thirty days and the facts in each case submitted publicly for the criticism or approval of the county in which the case is actually located, through the local newspapers?

Demand that the United States of America pay the balance of the soldiers' bonus at once. The bonus was an act of the free will of Congress—it was not a coercion of arms. All America needs now is a start, a shove, and the release of the bonus money would be that initial push which would send America over the top to economic victory.

Demand that the congressmen, senators, and the President of the United States become *America*-conscious and cease immediately their self-appointed job of wet-nursing the long since weaned governments of Europe, expressing their newly developed consciousness in a demand that the European debts be settled at once and that any nation that refuses to pay to her maximum limit shall cease all diplomatic relations with the United States, all commercial relations with the nationals of the United States, and that any goods, values, or credits of the nationals of such defaulting country now within the territorial limits of the United States shall be at once seized and be applied on the debt of that country to the United States.

We have been told that Americans are long-suffering. It has not been expressed in words, but it has come to our knowledge that many of our representatives truly believe that Americans are " long-suffering fools." It was those same " long-suffering fools " who in '18 learned " *Advance—kill!* " with the result that Germany was " whipped to her knees."—*Fred K. Smith.*

Perhaps We Should Forward This One to Washington

SAVANNAH, GA.—I have just finished reading An Open Letter to the American People by Upton Sinclair in the June 10 issue of Liberty, and am constrained to remark it is the greatest challenge and appeal to American common sense that has ever found its way into public print.

Herbert H. Watts

Much credit for courage is due the publishers. Americans have to their sorrow clung too long to the old order, with their characteristic blind faith in the old political party leaders. A new régime is America's pressing need.—*Herbert H. Watts.*

A Wire from Upton Sinclair

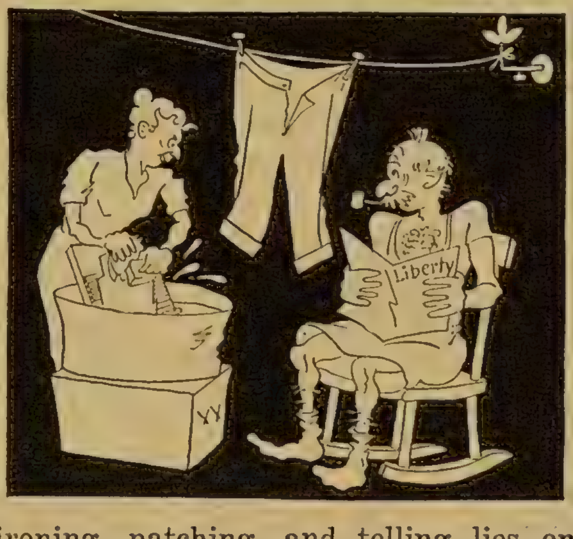
PASADENA CALIF MANY THANKS TO BERNARR MACFADDEN FOR THE COURTESY OF HIS REPLY BUT PLEASE SET ME RIGHT WITH YOUR READERS I AM OPPOSING CAPITALISM NOT DEMOCRACY NO ONE BELIEVES IN DEMOCRACY MORE THAN DO SOCIALISTS OUR FORMULA IS THE SOCIAL OWNERSHIP AND DEMOCRATIC ADMINIS TRATION OF THE INSTRUMENTS AND MEANS OF PRODUCTION UPTON SINCLAIR

Quiet Sundays in Caroline

NORTHEAST, N. C.—My husband brings me all the Libertys he finds on the highway. He has been working on the highway for a number of years, and his work is not only hard but requires skill to do it successfully.

His wages have been cut until he has only one suit of clothes, and he has to stay in and read Liberty every Sunday while I wash, dry, iron, and patch that suit to wear the next week.

Visitors call and I tell them he is sick. Now, if the devil gets me for washing, ironing, patching, and telling lies on Sunday, whose fault will it be?



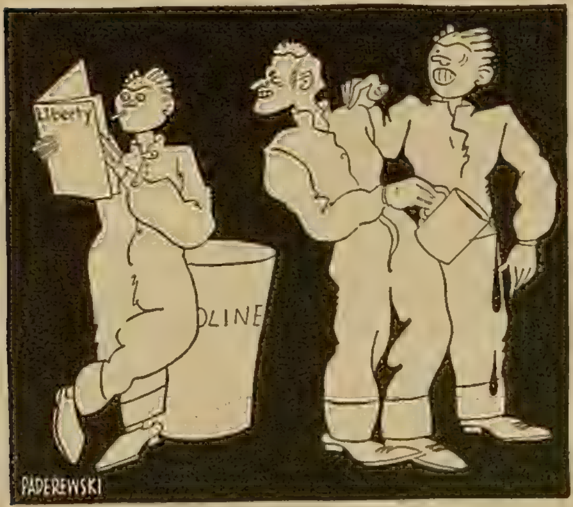
I was hoping that wages would increase this spring, so he could get another suit, when, lo and behold, on the first day of April here came another cut.—*Mrs. Unemployed.*

POP

VOX POP EDITOR
U. S.
MA

Why Don't You Make 'Em Buy Their Own Copies?

AIR CORPS TECHNICAL SCHOOL, CHANUTE FIELD, RANTOUL, ILL.—I have been an enthusiastic reader of your excellent little magazine for more than a year. The boys have a peculiar mania for Liberty here. When I go to all the trouble of walking downtown to get my copy, they seem to take a special delight in grabbing it at the first opportunity. The only way I can account for my copy being more attractive than the copy furnished to our day room is that my personal charm makes my Liberty more alluring to them. Once they get hands on it, the only way I can get a squint at it is over the shoulder of the first one who grabs it, and the other pests line up for next on the latest installment of Born to Raise Hell, Scarlet Woman, and other equally good ones.



I would suggest that you request your Vox Pop artist to make a sketch of the pests I speak of, lined up waiting for their turn at reading Born to Raise Hell, by Tex O'Reilly. Incidentally, they are generally attired in a suit of coveralls (not a uniform) and none of them have more than sprouted wings, so far as I can find.—*C. B. Gragg.*

"Amœba Wrong," Said Groucho Marx, and the Chorus Echoes, "Right!"

VICTORIA, B. C.—I have taken Liberty for years, but after reading Groucho Marx's article, The Outline of Love, I'm shocked. What kind of a person is this who goes peeping under stones to see what Amœba (Irving) are doing? No wonder he has to wear cardboard eyelashes and mustache. I bet he burnt his real ones off peeping at things. How can the world be kept pure for little amœbas if this man continues to roam around? I always allowed my husband to go to the movies and see any of the plays by the Marx Brothers. In future he must only go to see Greta Garbo.

It's not what they are doing that shocks me. It's this man of full age (I presume) who goes lifting stones up, sticking his nose into other people's private affairs. He will have to get a cardboard nose soon, and in case some little amœba gets mad he had better have a good bit of beaverboard to sit on in times of stress, which are liable to occur at any moment.

I can hardly contain myself till next week to find out what this amœba Will Hays has found out. Yours impatiently shocked and shockingly impatient.—*Joanna Witty.*

LINWOOD, PA.—Have just endured 12 minutes 6 seconds of The Outline of Love by Groucho Marx. Do you really pay people for writing such drivel? I agree with the ending " and we've given too much space to it already."—*Bill Robinson.*

KANSAS CITY MO JUST READ FIRST INSTALLMENT GROUCHO MARXS THE OUTLINE OF LOVE STOP NOTE ANOTHER INSTALLMENT TO FOLLOW STOP PLEASE SAVE YOUR MONEY AND PRINT SOMETHING GOOD INSTEAD STOP W L COX

Albert, Would You Like to Take a Swell Trip?

BOSTON, MASS.—I read with a great deal of interest the replies to Boston Albert by A. D. Odell, Malcolm Harlow, and A Maritimer in regard to his letter in Vox Pop, April 15 issue. Congratulations, boys, and keep your fighting spirit up! Don't think all we Bostonians are narrow-minded and ignorant. I happen to be a college student who has lived among Nova Scotia people and can truthfully say that there are none better.

Claire Wynot

I would especially like to take Albert to the Guide Sports—a week's worth of fun that a great many Americans travel a thousand miles to enjoy.

I hope, Albert, that you will be more careful what you say next time about people of whom you know nothing.—*Claire Wynot.*

Well, Here's One

QUEBEC, ONT.—What's the matter with your magazine? Do you think Quebec was swept away by a hurricane? Since I have been reading Liberty I have never seen a Quebec letter in your Vox-Poppers.—*Arnold Kelly.*

Do Tell!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Did anyone ever tell you the World War was over? I just mention it in case you haven't heard.—*C. E. Kearney.*

Just Service to the Customers

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Much obliged for the new Viña Delmar story. I'll do *you* a favor sometime.—*Jack.*

Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly
JULY 15, 1933 VOL. 10, No. 28

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More than 6,000 manuscripts were received under the terms of Liberty's $10,000 First Serial Offer. The enormous task of reading and judging the comparative worth of these stories almost has been completed. The names of the successful first-serial authors will be announced in an early issue.

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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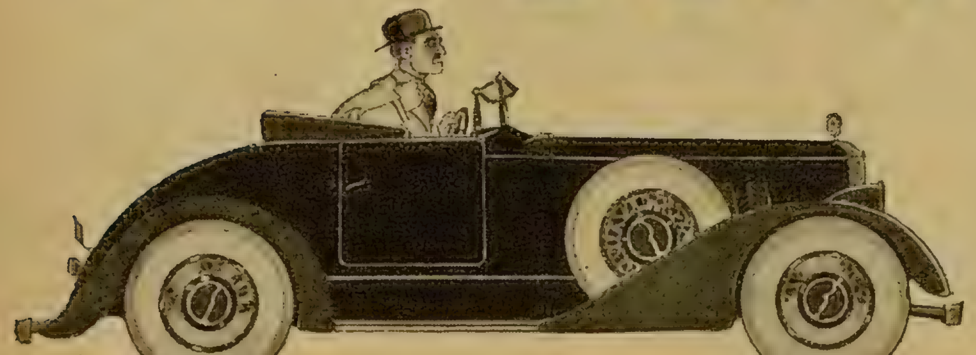
The Red Light



By JAY

Decorations by

(Reading time: 9 minutes 25 seconds.)

THERE was a time when a red light meant "Stop! Danger!" Today it may simply mean that an enterprising salesman of traffic equipment has put something over on the highway commissioner or that the local constable has discovered a new graft.

For the last five years traffic lights have multiplied like measles in this country, until today not even the experts of the Department of Commerce—that great converter of taxes into statistics—dare estimate how many cities, towns, and villages have equipped themselves with green-amber-red lights in an attempt to be modern, save money on the police, or to "solve" a local traffic problem which may amount to no more than twenty rusty runabouts, three hay wagons, and a gasoline truck per hour.

Mr. A. W. Koehler, secretary of the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, in Washington, D. C., is authority for the statement that the country has been oversold on traffic lights by go-getter salesmen, and that frequently these lights have been installed without any real study of the "problem" which they are supposed to solve, leading to an increase in the number of accidents and a waste of public funds.

An important business man is driving to his office. He comes to an intersection controlled by lights and the red is against him. So he is compelled to wait two or three minutes, although there is no traffic on the crossroad. If he goes ahead against the lights he is liable to be bawled out or given a ticket by some lurking policeman who has not yet understood that his job is to help keep traffic moving rather than to bully motorists. So the business man grits his teeth and arrives late at his office in a bad humor. Being human, he may feel upset all morning and lose some business as a result. Trivial? Well, it has been reckoned that waiting for the red light to change to green costs the American people two billion dollars a year for lost time, gasoline, electricity, and wear and tear on their property, not to mention their nerves.

A tourist with a New York license plate motors into an Ohio village. The red light is set against him. Beneath the light slumbers the local policeman. The motorist waits five minutes, then starts blowing his horn. No result! So the tourist crosses the intersection against the light. Result: arrest and fine for an out-of-state driver—a new form of automobile trap which helps the local justice of the peace to make both ends meet.

A woman driving a sedan stops obediently for a red light at a deserted city intersection. A prowling thug jumps on the running board, sticks a gun in her ribs, and runs off with her purse. Does this sound unlikely? Well, not long ago a prominent diplomat was driving his car to dinner in the heart of Washington. He stopped for a red light, was boarded by a holdup man, was robbed, blackjacked, and left unconscious. There are hundreds of such cases on the police blotters.

Contrary to the general impression, traffic lights do not guarantee protection against accident to the pedestrian or to the motorist. With more traffic lights than ever before and with a smaller automobile registration, there were 33,500 people killed in motor accidents in 1932—and nearly a million and a quarter persons seriously injured during the same period from the same cause. Special studies made in Trenton and Philadelphia showed that improperly planned traffic lights actually *increased* the number of accidents at over a third of the crossings "protected" in this way and that 15 per cent more of the intersections showed no decrease in accidents.

The traffic experts of the government also point out that the installation of traffic lights is calculated to increase rear-end collisions, accidents to pedestrians from cars taking the turn, and, of course, accidents to pedestrians who disobey the signals.

The whole trouble is that traffic lights have been palmed off on lots of communities as part and parcel of the time-honored system of highway graft or in an attempt both to be modern and to save money.

Here is something which is worth money in the pocket of every taxpayer and which is worth votes to every highway commissioner. When a salesman comes along with proposals to "modernize" your traffic equipment, before you appropriate money or sign on the dotted line make a little investigation as to whether you really need any control at all. The American Engineering Council has worked out a series of practical tests which will help you, your local Chamber of Commerce or county highway supervisor to determine whether traffic lights are needed at any crossing. You need lights when

1. The total volume of traffic in all directions exceeds 1,000 vehicles an hour for eight hours, at least 25 per cent of the traffic coming from the side roads. (The count should be taken between 7 A. M. and 11 P. M. It amounts to about seventeen automobiles per minute.)
2. The total pedestrian traffic is more than 200 people per hour for four hours, crossing a main road where the vehicular traffic is over 750 automobiles per hour for the same hours. (These figures are not accepted as final, but they give an idea of how to estimate need for lighting.)
3. The intersection is one of a series controlled by lights in handling a general traffic problem.
4. The intersection is on a road having a constant and heavy volume of through traffic which does not afford opportunity for cross traffic to move.
5. The intersection has a police record of more than ten accidents per year.
6. The intersection has some special characteristics: near a school, approach to railway tracks, etc.

Nuisance

FRANKLIN

Is "Traffic Control" in Your Town a Blessing or a Curse? Here Are Some Plain Facts that May Surprise You

FRED WEATHERLY

In other words, the fatal red light should not be installed lightly, but like the state of matrimony should be entered upon soberly and reluctantly, after due deliberation.

The next step is equally obvious. If you have reason to suspect you really need a system of traffic control, you should call in a specialist. The big town or city may engage the services of a reliable traffic expert to make a survey by writing to the Institute of Traffic Engineers, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York City. For a city the size of Cleveland such a survey may cost as much as $25,000. On the other hand it may save many times this amount in installation costs alone.

Smaller cities and fair-sized towns should get in touch with Mr. Earl Reeder, secretary of the National Safety Council, 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois. A survey by this agency would cost anywhere up to around $2,000.

Small towns and villages may get traffic advice and survey facilities from the Policy Holders Service Bureau, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York City.

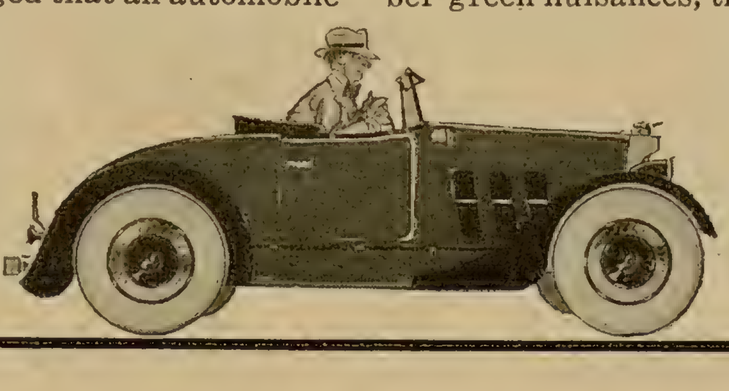
Finally—and this is the heart of the whole red-light nuisance—don't expect a traffic light to do the work of a policeman. The report of the Joint Committee of the American Association of State Highway Officials and the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, which is being prepared by Mr. W. B. Powell of Buffalo, New York, emphasizes that traffic lights are useful only in connection with other traffic aids: signs, traffic lanes, safety zones, *and police.* There is always a reasonable percentage of damn' fools and criminals among our twenty million motorists. Red lights won't restrain them.

EVEN when a traffic-light system is installed it should be given a year's trial to see if it really helps to control traffic and prevent accidents. And as a final tip, scientific tests show that a short period is better than a long period in flashing your light. No red light should remain on for more than eighty seconds.

Moreover, for city traffic, where lights are needed to prevent jams, to control dangerous speeding, as well as to protect pedestrians, there are now two new methods of control available, which cut down the minutes of useless waiting.

The first is known as the Flexible Progressive System, and is not only the best one for coördinating signals along a single street but is the only one well adapted to control a single traffic section of a city. In this system, timing and relations of lights are so arranged that an automobile maintaining an even speed can go through without being held up at all.

The second system is the Electro-Matic and the Traff-Matic "vehicle-actuated" automotive traffic-dispatching systems, made by the Automatic Signal Corporation of 230 Park Avenue, New York City. These are wonderful devices by which the automobiles themselves set the traffic signals. A system of pressure-sensitive electric plates is let into the pavements approaching the intersection. As soon as a car touches one of these plates (200 pounds pressure is the minimum which will affect the signal) the current is flashed to a vacuum tube in a near-by automatic control box. If nothing is coming in the cross direction, the light turns to green before the car reaches the intersection. If there is heavy traffic on the crossroad the light turns green after a short pause, lets the car through, and then flashes back to red. Pedestrians who want to cross can set the lights by pushing special buttons on the light standards at the curb.



THESE devices keep track of approaching and waiting automobiles and assign time on the basis of the traffic demands. They are not affected by snow, ice, hail, or rain. The control box automatically records the presence of every vehicle on every street as it arrives, estimates the speed of every vehicle approaching and passing through the intersection, knows the order of arrival of every waiting vehicle, the relative time of arrival of every vehicle, and the traffic density at all times. It can be used at regular crossings, T-, X-, and Y-shaped intersections, offset crossings, blind corners, five-point and circular intersections, and in serial traffic control.

The equipment is naturally more expensive than the ordinary traffic light, and it is not especially effective when there is a constant volume of traffic at the crossing. Engineers state that its greatest value is at school crossings, or at crossings where the volume and direction of traffic varies widely at different times of the day. Already it has been installed for special duty in hundreds of towns and cities. Models of the equipment in operation have also recently been on display in the Chrysler Building, New York City.

The National Conference on Street and Highway Safety is conducting an intensive drive for the enactment of uniform traffic laws and standardized traffic signs throughout the nation. With thirty-three state legislatures in session, there are hopes that great progress may be made this year toward simplifying control of traffic. At the same time, through the American Engineering Council, a scientific attack is being made upon stupid, unnecessary, or badly operated traffic-control devices.

But, finally, back of all the signs, blinkers, and red-amber-green nuisances, there must be a policeman, and there must be regular provision for pedestrians to cross.

Otherwise the reckless motorists will continue to make a hell of our highways and pile up the deaths and accidents at a rate which makes the late war look like a picnic.

THE END

STRUGGLES to the Death in the PRIZE RING

A Chronicle of Unexpected Tragedies

III—How Fate Reached Thrice Across the World

(Reading time: 10 minutes 20 seconds.)

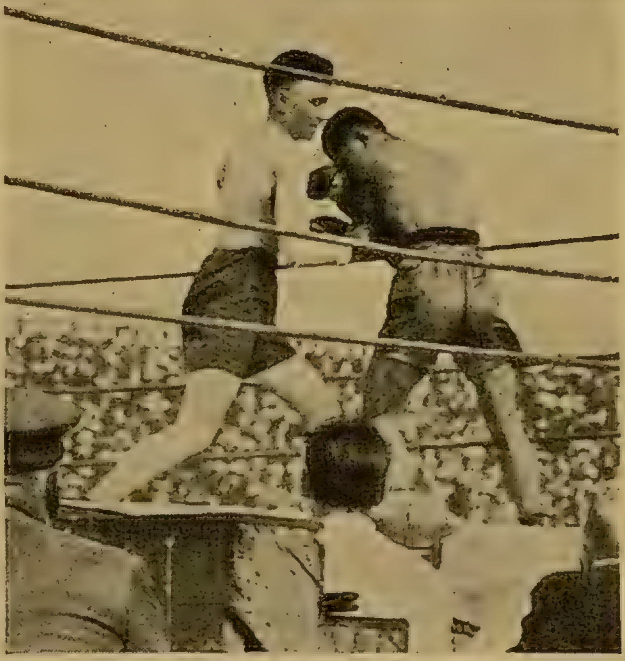
EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third in a series of four articles telling of struggles to the death in the ring. The first, on the McCarthy-Pelkey fatality, appeared in Liberty July 1. The second, on the Bull Young-Jess Willard fight, appeared last week.

CLEVER SENCIO was almost eighteen years old when he came to the United States. He came as a flaming patriot, with the avowed intention of bringing back to Manila the bantamweight championship of the world, which his compatriot, Pancho Villa, had lost to "Baby Face" McLarnin.

His real name was Auscensio Moldez; but as that was too difficult a moniker for the average white man to remember, his manager, Frank Churchill, changed it.

Sencio was the last of a trio of great Filipino fighters who gave their lives to sport.

The first of these was Dencio Cabanela, the champion of the Orient. He wasn't known in the United States except by reputation. But Australians and English and American residents of the islands and the far places of the East grow lyrical when they talk of him. "A sweet fighter," they say. "A pocket Hercules. The greatest of the great."



The ninth round in the McLarnin-Villa fight, the Filipino's last battle.

He was little more than a featherweight, not quite a lightweight.

He never took a backward step in the ring. He was never off his feet one moment in any major fight. His style of fighting was like Jack Dempsey's.

He had a stub of a tail at the end of his spine.

He became the champion of the Orient with one punch. That was in his fight with Sid Godfrey of Australia, who was said to have the hardest punch of any lightweight living. After that fight the pocket Hercules traveled far and fast, until he met the reconstructed Frenchman, Eugene Criqui. He lived unwisely, he spent unwisely. He was a prince—and he paid the price.

Nobody gave Criqui a chance against him, nobody in the world. Criqui was an admirable figure—a soldier, a hero, a valiant and gallant fighting man. But he had been horribly maimed in the war. He had charged a machine gun near Verdun. He had a remade jaw with a silver plate in it. For fourteen rounds Dencio hit the Frenchman with both hands—jabbed him, jolted him, cut him, pounded him, knocked him all over the ring.

A hundred times in each of those fourteen rounds he hit the soldier on his metal jaw with powerful left hooks.

Criqui was almost raw in spots. Blood ran down his face, his chest, his body, dyeing his trunks. But he never gave up. He never asked quarter.

The crowd was crying, "Stop the fight!" and the referee was inclined to heed them. But Criqui, with tears in his eyes, implored him to let the fight go on.

Criqui was almost falling from sheer exhaustion at the end of the fourteenth. People expected him to fall—die. But to their consternation—and Criqui's—it was the little pocket Hercules who fell.

He took a backward step. He sat on his haunches. He rolled over—and died.

He had lived too fast, the little pocket idol. He had known too many women.

That was a blow the Philippines didn't weather.

They buried their hero in sorrow, and vowed to raise other champions who would bring back his title.

Pancho Villa rose up in the islands to take the place of Dencio, and once again the little brown brothers took hope.

Villa was spectacular. Villa was colorful. Villa made $300,000 in the ring—almost overnight it seemed to his patriotic friends. Villa spent money as fast as he made it. He bought fancy automobiles. He bought tailor-made suits—hundreds of them, each one fancier than the last. He bought ties and shirts, and sweetmeats. He gave money away—to other fighters, to panhandlers, to women. There were many women. They made a pet of Pancho. He was so sweet, they said, so childlike.

When Pancho fought McLarnin he was in the worst condition of his life. He was suffering from a throat infection and his teeth were bad. He'd been eating out of too many women's bonbon boxes.

McLarnin was better than at any time before or since—and had no trouble in taking the fight from the "mighty atom." Sports writers described it as an easy fight. But it killed little Pancho.

By EDWARD DOHERTY

All over the world sports writers were saying Filipino boxers didn't have the needed stamina, couldn't compete with white or colored men, couldn't take it. What could you expect of men who lived on raw fish and poi?

Villa had beaten Sencio in a fifteen-round bout at Manila in May, 1925, two months before Villa died in San Francisco.

His death left Sencio the only hope of the islands—so he blessed himself and came across the Pacific to win back what Villa had lost.

In the Filipino colony in Los Angeles he fell in love with a beautiful girl, Virginia Cabanas.

He planned to marry Virginia—when he had time.

First there was work to do, serious work that wouldn't permit him to marry—long hours of practice in gymnasiums, shadow boxing, handball, pulley exercises, back bends, bag punching. Then there were many fights to be fought.

And fighting, Sencio explained to the dark-eyed girl, was the hardest work of all. When he had won a few fights, when the championship was in sight, then they would marry.

Frank Churchill, who had managed Dencio and Pancho, was Sencio's manager. He was pushing Sencio ahead rapidly, getting him lots of fights, making him some money, working him hard all the time.

Mark Kelly of the Los Angeles Examiner, who knew the little fighter well, said in his column after Sencio's last fight that the Filipino was "rushed along too rapidly, was overmatched when he was sent against Bud Taylor, the world's greatest bantamweight, and was fought without sufficient relaxation."

Sencio fought Fidel La Barba twice in Los Angeles, the last time on March 31, 1926. He took a terrible beating each time.

Bud Taylor, a beanpole kid with red hair, was the cleverest, wickedest, hardest-hitting bantam in the world. He had proved that in his first fight in New York, when he won a technical knockout over Frankie Jerome, known as the "Bronx Spider."

Jerome—right name Frank Doherty—had never been knocked down until he met Bud Taylor. He had fought over a hundred fights and had won most of them, twenty-five per cent by knockouts.

Taylor knocked him down in the last minute of the eleventh round. Jerome took a count of eight. He got up groggy. He started toward Taylor. The bell rang. Frankie smiled and staggered to his corner. His manager, Lou Brix, had a towel in his hand. Frankie told him to put it away.

"What's the sense of going on?" Brix asked. "You're hurt bad, kid. Let me toss this rag into the ring."

"Nix," Frankie said. "I'm all right. I can take all he's got."

TAYLOR met him in the center of the ring in the first few seconds of the next round, and backed him to the ropes with quick hard rights and lefts. Frankie tried to fight but couldn't. He held on to a rope with his left glove to keep himself on his feet. Taylor rocked his head with savage blows. Finally Frankie swayed and fell. The referee, Jack O'Sullivan, counted to eight. Jerome got up. But he couldn't see anything. He reeled and fell into O'Sullivan's outstretched arms.

O'Sullivan pointed to Taylor, giving him the fight. It was only a technical knockout, but Frankie died a few hours after his arrival at Bellevue Hospital, and an autopsy showed cerebral hemorrhage as the cause.

Taylor attended the services, held in St. Jerome's Church in the Bronx, the church that gave young Doherty his fighting name.

He knelt in a dim corner and covered his face with his hard hands and cried.

That was almost two years before the fight with Sencio. Taylor had developed tremendously, had beaten his way to the top, was at the peak of his skill and strength, when on the night of April 19 Sencio stepped into a ring in Milwaukee and shook hands with him. Churchill was in New York. Churchill hadn't been at any of Sencio's fights in months.

Managers are usually close to a fighter in an important fight—close enough to whisper advice, caution, courage, between rounds; close enough to throw in a towel if the emergency arises.

Sencio had no friends when the fight started; but before it had gone many rounds he had won the entire audience. He was a "bulldog." He was a "terrier."

Taylor won five rounds. Sencio won two. Three rounds were even. That wasn't such a bad showing for the Filipino, was it?

He won the first two and held Taylor even until the end of the fifth. He weaved at times like Dempsey—or like Dencio.

He stood up and traded punches, not moving a backward step. He ducked and he parried.

But from the fifth on he was outclassed, outboxed, outhit. Those body beatings he had taken from La Barba were beginning to tell.

"Stick to it, Sencio!" the fans called.

SENCIO stuck. That's one thing Filipino fighters are noted for. They are the gamest of game fighters. So long as they can stand, they will stand. So long as there is breath in them to keep them alive, and consciousness to know what they are doing, they will fight.

Sencio stuck and fought.

Taylor hit him again and again—hit him with all the power of his rocklike fists, hit him in stomach and head, hit him on the arms, on the neck.

But Sencio was still on his feet when the bell ended the last round; and he was still fighting.

Taylor was holding him there with a left, whipping his right to head and body, whipping it swiftly, desperately, continuously. Sencio had to be helped from the ring.

Now that there was no longer any need to fight, the gallant little spirit let down. The man who had made so game a fight realized that he was only a boy, sick, tired, beaten horribly—alone in a strange city.

He collapsed on his way to the dressing room. His seconds helped him into his clothes and took him to a hotel. A doctor examined him, said his condition was not alarming. His handlers undressed him, put him to bed, and left him.

"A game kid," they said when they went out. "But he had no chance against that guy Taylor."

They didn't remember he had fought three fights in less than thirty days, two of them against America's best.

At nine o'clock the next morning a window washer saw blood on the bed linen. He called the clerk.

Sencio died as they were taking him out of an ambulance at the hospital. An autopsy discovered a cerebral hemorrhage.

"Improper diet, immaturity, and overwork," Mark Kelly held, were responsible for the flyweight's death.

Churchill, in a statement to the press, said that this third tragedy had made such a profound impression on him that he would abandon all connection with boxing. He would never handle another fighter. But that was in 1926.

Churchill has another Filipino fighter on the Pacific coast today—Speedy Dado. Dado is a clever, game, hard fighter.

He fights often. He fights hard. He hopes some day to bring back to the islands the championship of the world.

Bud Taylor was exonerated by the authorities, and he wept over Sencio—and talked about Jerome. He admired them both.

A Catholic priest held services over the little brown body. He called Sencio a clean fighter, a credit to the fight game and to the islands. The body was sent back to Manila for burial.

And a girl in Los Angeles cried herself to sleep for many nights.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

STOP *the Locomotive!*

It Will Lower the Price of OATS

THE young man in the beaver hat was stumped. An armful of mechanical drawings, the fruit of his brief but brilliant career, was about to be pigeon-holed.

"What! A machine to take the place of coach horses?" had cried an outraged citizenry to a bewildered parliament. "What will we do with our animals? What will happen to the price of oats?"

EVEN when young Stephenson finally did get his chance, the conservative populace continued to shake its head. One legislative restriction after another entoiled his efforts. The first actual railroad train was only permitted to operate in the path of a man on foot waving a red flag.

To this day, in New York, this law finds echo in the man on horseback who still precedes all railroad trains operating on the city streets.

So, always, have the comfortable conservatives fought the liberal vision.

For every Stephenson condemned by the grain broker, there has been a modern prophet scorned by the iceman, the phonograph manufacturer, and, yes, even by the railroad president!

Yet, the marvelous thing—for Progress and for our present state of mind—is that mechanical refrigeration, radio, bus and airplane *have* been triumphant. The liberal mind, numerically in the minority, eventually transmutes itself into the majority. The pioneers of business can always be certain that the initial support of the younger, liberal classes must be followed by the eventual acceptance of all.

AS the one magazine that is young in sponsorship, liberal in editing and proved acceptable to the young, liberal element of this country by the greatest week-by-week purchase-vote of any weekly, Liberty is conscious of the strategic position it holds in influencing the thinking of our times.

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>
> "I should judge from its past performances that its staff was well equipped to do just that sort of work, and I shall be on the cheering lines to help."

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TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 57 seconds.)

BORN in a place called Skunk Hollow, Crosby Gaige became an amateur manufacturer of perfumery. By profession he manufactures plays—produces them, I mean.

Jane Cowl and Francine Larrimore are two of the stars with whom he practices his dramatic chemistry. He mixes private perfumes for them, too. Believes people ought to have their perfumes custom-made to fit their personalities. I asked him what fragrances he had blended to suit Jane Cowl's character.

"Jasmine, Parma violet, and orange blossom," he said, "to match her extraordinary feminine charm.

"But that isn't all. She has a strong executive mind, like a man. Because of that I added to her perfume a little oil of vetiver—vetiver is a peculiarly redolent grass from East India."

Crosby Gaige

How, I wondered, did Crosby Gaige happen to get into show business? He told me he had often wondered about that himself. The answer, he thinks, may lie in the fact that P. T. Barnum, the circus king, was a distant relative of his.

Or perhaps he acquired an early taste for dramatics through listening to his grandmother and his great-aunts as they told stories of old Indian-fighting days. One of his ancestors, you see, was the original Spy about whom James Fenimore Cooper wrote the famous book of that name.

"On hot summer afternoons," Mr. Gaige reminisced, "while the other kids were swimming or fishing, I used to sit in Aunt Phœbe Truesdell's darkened parlor listening to her tales of old times. She was a born storyteller with a fine sense of melodrama. Since then I have always preferred melodrama on the stage."

Crosby Gaige still lives in upstate New York, where he was born.

He is a *bachelor father*—having adopted three children, a boy now fourteen, a girl of eleven, another boy of six. In the autumn Mr. Gaige will produce a new melodrama—Ten-Minute Alibi.

IN 1937 the people of France will celebrate the invention of soufflé potatoes. One day ninety-six years ago King Louis Philippe was late for his dinner. His fried potatoes got cold. His cook put them back in the hot fat. They puffed up like balloons. They were soufflé—and all by accident! This happened at St.-Germain-en-Laye, where the natives are still so proud of it that they are taking four years to plan their potato celebration. Incidentally, 1837 was also the year they had their first railroad—but what's a railroad to a Frenchman as long as he has fried potatoes!

FOR the summer a friend of mine dresses her living-room furniture in bright blue glazed chintz, covers the pillows with white glazed chintz, hangs dark sun-tan theatrical gauze curtains at the windows, puts large flower baskets filled with fern and ivy in the corners of the room. Her house looks cool, lovely.

"MAYBE you think it's duck soup to be in love with an old-fashioned girl!"

So says a young garage mechanic of my acquaintance. He doesn't know anything about inferiority complexes, but he knows that his girl has got him on a spot.

"She thinks I'm wonderful," he complains. "I'm her big hero and her little tin saint, both at the same time. How can I marry a girl like that? How would I stand with her when she found out that I am only a good-enough guy like the rest of the guys?"

Somewhat ungraceful, this philosophy may sound to you; yet I think it is very progressive. The young man has bearded a dragon—he has destroyed a myth. The myth is that young men of today can be happily married to old-fashioned girls. Young men of any wisdom must know better than that. Old-fashioned girls were hero worshipers—husband worshipers. To be an object of such devotion a man had to be good—too good—or he had to be a good liar. The modern bridegroom doesn't want to be a saint in his bride's eyes. Neither does he want to make her think that he is. He wants to be honest with her. That's more fun, he believes, and more decent.

THESE new organdie frocks of the ingenue type are charming, but I think a touch of sophistication improves them for most women. The right note may be added by wearing a bouquet of field flowers at the belt, with green stems long enough to fall to the hem of the skirt. For evening wear add a chiffon scarf of sufficient size to reach from shoulder to ankle, and a skullcap of braided organdie, same color as the scarf.

A short coat of wool piqué, loose-backed and belted in front, solves the chilly-evening problem very smartly.

WEEK after week men write to me, or to Vox Pop, making sheepish excuses because they read my page entitled To the Ladies. I can't see the point. Not since childhood have I found the male segregating himself so bashfully from the female.

Are men of today thus urgently called upon to prove their manhood? Those who feel so ought to read a certain story in Sherwood Anderson's latest book. The name of that story is The Fight. It tells what happened when two respectable middle-aged men came to blows.

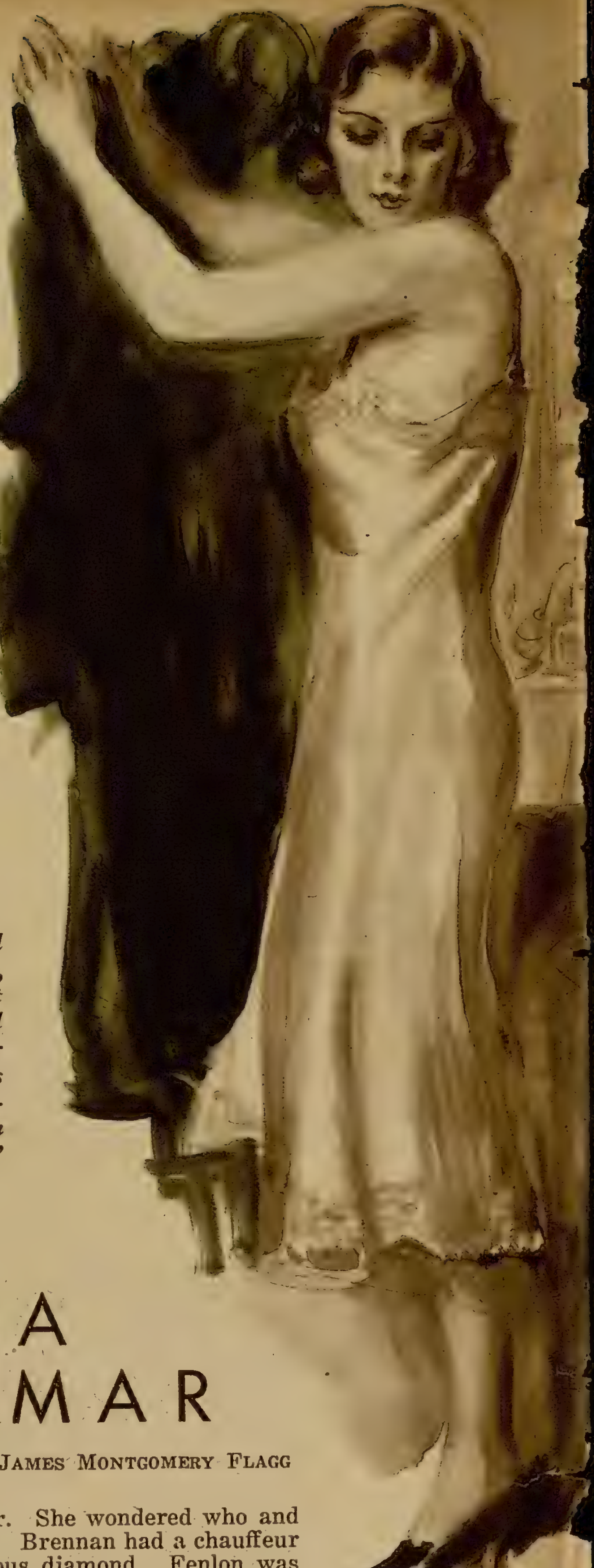
If you are a man of middle age, say in your thirties or forties, if you feel self-conscious when you read my page—then I wonder this about you:

I wonder how long it has been since you have had a fight—how many years since you brought home your last black eye? Not that I'm egging you on. Heaven forbid! It merely occurs to me that you may be hard up for self-conviction of your manliness.

HERE'S a real Russian cookbook in English—recipes and entertaining descriptions of fabulous meals: Dining and Wining in Old Russia, by Nina Selivanovna (E. P. Dutton).

Pretty SADIE McKEE

It's Not Too Late Even Now to Begin This Vivid Story of Another "Bad Girl."



Another girl laughed. "Huh, you can't expect her to stoop and pick up your hat after she's been hobnobbing with a man worth millions."

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 24 minutes 55 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Sadie McKee, a small-town girl, and her battle for love and happiness. She falls in love with Tommy Wallace, handsome gas-station employee, who loses his job after a holdup and goes to New York. Sadie goes with him, telling her mother they will be married. Instead they take a room in a cheap lodging house off Broadway as "Mr. and Mrs. Wallace" and both look for work. Tommy lands a job at a gas station, and Sadie in a small store. Tommy meets Dolly Merrick, a blues singer, and runs away with her. Sadie follows them to Boston, but Tommy refuses to return to her. Back in New York, Opal Belclaire, who lives in the same house, gets Sadie a job in the chorus of a Harlem cabaret. One night Jack Brennan, millionaire, with his friend, Gilbert Fenlon, come to the cabaret and is attracted to Sadie. The owner tells her Brennan wants to see her and she goes to his table.

PART FOUR—JACK BRENNAN'S PROPOSAL

I'D just like ginger ale," said Sadie.

"Come now. Not really?"

"Yes, really."

Jack Brennan was interested. "You mean plain ginger ale? With what in it? You must have something in it. It's poison without something in it."

Sadie smiled. "I'd just like ginger ale," she said.

"Well," said Gilbert, "I guess you mean it." He passed over the ginger ale.

"I know, Gil," Jack Brennan said. "She don't like Scotch or rye. She likes brandy or wine or something. We'll get her some brandy."

"No, honestly."

Jack Brennan called "Waiter!" in a loud tone, and the waiter wasted no time in getting to him.

"I want you to get hold of my chauffeur and tell him to go home and bring me a bottle of brandy."

"No, please," Sadie begged.

"Yes, you must drink something tonight because I think maybe it's my birthday."

Sadie laughed. She was looking into Jack Brennan's face, but out of the tail of her eye she saw Gilbert Fenlon shake his head at the waiter and thus countermand Brennan's order. She wondered who and what they were. Brennan had a chauffeur and a tremendous diamond. Fenlon was nice-looking and had a quiet voice. Brennan was very drunk. Fenlon was sober.

"How long you been working here?" Brennan asked her.

"A little over three months."

"It's an awful dump, ain't it?"

"I don't mind it."

"Where are you from?"

"I'm from a town you never heard of," she said. "I'm from a town named Richley."

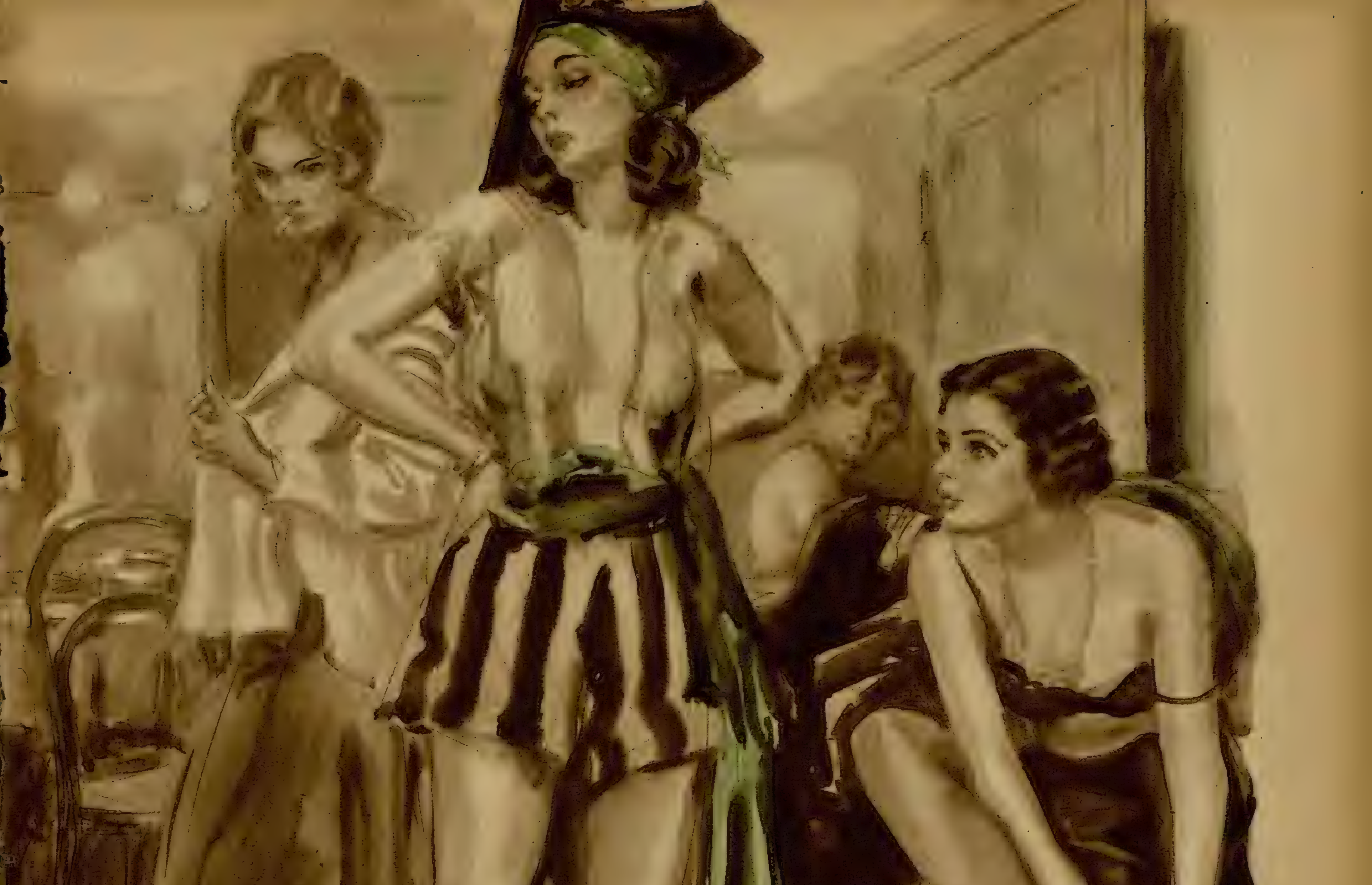
"I've heard of it," Gilbert Fenlon said. "My best friend in college came from there."

"Who was he?" Sadie asked. "Maybe I know him."

"Michael Alderson's his name."

"Yes, I know him."

"Do you?" There was a sudden lift of the Fenlon eye-



brows and a slightly amused smile. "He's a pretty big boy."

"I know it. His family's got millions, and you think I don't really know him, huh? If he should walk in right now he'd say, 'Hello, Sadie,' to me."

"I don't blame him," Jack Brennan put in. "I got millions too—ain't I, Gilbert?—and I'm going to say 'Hello, Sadie,' every time I see you, too."

Sadie looked at Jack Brennan. Maybe he did have millions, but he was certainly of a different stamp from Michael Alderson. She looked back at Gilbert Fenlon. "You probably don't know Michael yourself," she said. "I can tell you his middle name is Kenniston and his birthday is in June and he's got to have orange juice with a raw egg in it the first thing in the morning."

"What the hell are you two arguing about?" Jack Brennan demanded.

Gilbert Fenlon's amused smile had disappeared. "You win," he said. "I guess you know him."

"Damn' right I know him. My mother was the Aldersons' housekeeper for years."

Jack Brennan laughed a sudden noisy guffaw. "That's the kind of a girl I like," he said. "She ain't ashamed to tell the truth. My mother was a servant girl too, Sadie. What do you think of that? We come from good stock. Our mothers were up at dawn, helping to keep the world clean, while his mother"—he pointed derisively at Fenlon—"had her body parked on the old hand-carved bed."

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Fenlon smiled. "And the minute you got the money to do it, Jack, you went out and got a hand-carved bed to park your own body on, didn't you?"

"Sure; that's the way life is. Hey, where the hell is that brandy for my little lady here?"

"It'll be along," Fenlon promised.

"I like you," Brennan said to Sadie. "Just imagine the coincidence. Your mother was a servant girl too. Is she still alive?"

"Yes."

"Let's send her something. You know what I mean? A little present of some kind."

"That would be fine," Sadie said.

"Let's send her a season pass to the Yankee Stadium, or doesn't she like baseball? Hell, I don't know what I'm saying. I'm drunk. Will you forgive me?" He patted Sadie's hand.

"Sure I'll forgive you."

"I really mean that about sending your mother something. You name it and I'll send it."

"Next time we meet," Sadie said.

"All right. Don't forget, now. I'm drunk, Sadie. Will you forgive me?"

He crossed his arms on the table before him and let his head slump over on them.

"Come on, Jack, pull yourself together," Fenlon said.

"Just let me stay here a minute and I'll be all right."

"No, come on. We're leaving."

"I don't want to leave."

"Come on, Jack."

No answer. Fenlon looked at his watch.

Sadie said, "I guess I'd better be getting ready for the next show. Good-by."

"Good-by," Fenlon said.

Sadie went back to the dressing room. The girls eyed her with a sudden new hostility, she noticed. She couldn't for the life of her imagine why. What could have happened in her absence that had irked them?

SHE took off her street dress and hung it on a hook. It swung slightly as she turned away and caused another girl's hat to fall to the floor. Sadie did not know the hat had fallen and she did not know that she was being addressed when the girl said, "You might at least pick things up after you've thrown them on the floor."

Another girl laughed. "Huh, you can't expect her to stoop and pick up your hat after she's been hobnobbing with a man worth millions of dollars, can you?"

Sadie turned then and picked up the hat. She said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know it fell." But a stony silence greeted her.

So Jack Brennan was really worth millions. He didn't seem like a bad sort either. But he looked so bloated and his eyes were so heavy and bloodshot. Some day not so far away she'd no doubt read of his death and remember the night she had met him in Roquette's. He'd never really send her mother anything, but the desire had been there. That was decent of him, so she'd give him a kind thought every now and then, though she'd probably never see him again.

But he was still there when the chorus ran on for the opening number of the last show. He was conscious but bleary-eyed, Sadie noticed. While she was getting her make-up off Roquette came to tell her that she was expected back at Jack Brennan's table.

The place was almost deserted now. Besides the two who sat with Sadie there was only a very drunken foursome in a far-off corner who were eating a Chinese supper and washing it down with bathtub gin. Most of the lights had been put out. The orchestra had gone home and two waiters stood silently against a wall fighting off sleep. Jack Brennan sat with his arm around Sadie, his heavy chin resting on his shirt front, his eyes closed. Gilbert Fenlon looked very sleepy and very bored.

"COME on, Jack. Let's get going." He had said that before.

"No, I'm going to stay here with Sadie. I like her and I think she likes me."

Fenlon looked at Sadie and she stared sullenly back at him. She was staying. She was sleepy and bored too. But she was staying. If she left, Fenlon could get his friend home without further argument; but Fenlon had made a mistake. Two hours before, he had said to Sadie, "I've got to get home. Here's fifty, little girl; scram." That had made Sadie pretty sore, so she was staying.

"Sadie, you're a wonderful girl. My mother was a servant girl too, and my grandmother's name was Sadie. Let's have another little drink."

"The bottles are empty," Fenlon said.

"Oh, gee, that's terrible. Bottles are empty, huh? Let's send for more to drink."

"Do you know what time it is?" Fenlon demanded.

"No, and don't tell me. I never want to know what time it is, do I, Sadie?"

"Are we going soon, Jack?"

"Why don't you shut up or else go home yourself?"

"I can't leave you here alone."

"I'm not alone. I'm with Sadie."

"That's just the point," Fenlon said. He lit a cigarette and puffed nervously. "We'll go in a few minutes, Jack. How about it?"

"Oh, nuts. Let me alone, can't you?"

"No, I can't, Jack."

"Say, I got an idea. Let's all go up to my house. We can get a drink there and everybody'll be satisfied. How about it, Sadie?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"It's too late. I'll go some other night."

"No. It's gotta be tonight. You think I mean harm to you, don't you? Well, I don't. I wouldn't hurt you for anything in the world. You'll be as safe in my house as you'd be in your mother's house. Come on."

"I really couldn't."

"Sure you can."

"Oh, for God's sake, Jack, quit arguing about it. The girl says she can't go."

"She could come up for one drink, couldn't she? That wouldn't hurt, would it? You could come up for one drink, couldn't you, Sadie?"

"Yes," said Sadie. "I could."

Gilbert Fenlon turned and glared at her. "What's your racket?" he asked.

"What's yours?"

"I'm trying to see that Jack Brennan doesn't make a fool of himself."

She smiled at him and said, "Oh, nuts."

"Do you know where Brennan's house is?"

"I'm about to find out."

"It's in Westchester County."

"Where?"

"An hour's ride from here. It's a long trip for one drink."

"Well, I'm not tired, are you?"

"Not so tired that I'm not going to follow right along."

"Come right ahead."

"Thanks for asking me," he said.

Jack Brennan stirred slightly and said, "You people are always arguing."

"Jack."

"What do you want, Gilbert?"

"Jack, wake up. Listen."

"I'm awake." Two bleary eyes wavered in an earnest attempt to focus themselves upon Gilbert Fenlon.

"Jack, you don't want to take Sadie home with you tonight. She's worked hard and she's sleepy."

"Oh, poor little girl. She can go to bed at my house."

"Sure, and then the lawsuit starts tomorrow."

"You're evil-minded, Gilbert."

"No, just cautious. The things she can claim once she's been in your house will make a jury's heart melt and set her up for life on your money."

"It's a good idea, Gilbert. I must think about that. Come on. Let's go home."

JACK BRENNAN sat in the center on the ride to his house. He held Sadie's hand. Gilbert Fenlon smoked and looked out of the window. He said nothing. Brennan's car was the biggest and most ornate Sadie had ever seen. She knew that the Aldersons paid a great deal of money for automobiles, but they always bought black ones or dark green ones. This one was red and it had lots of amusing gadgets and novelties.

She thought they had suddenly turned into another road. It was a narrow road but it was tree-lined, and had white stones ranged along the sides. Then suddenly there was a house and she knew that the narrow road was Brennan's driveway. The house was stone and it had been dark when it had leaped at her out of the blackness of the night, but now it was alight and a serving man had flung open the door and was running to meet the car. Brennan laughed and called to him, "It's O. K. I can walk tonight, Finnegan." He squeezed Sadie's hand and whispered, "His name's Phelps, so I call him Finnegan for short."

They walked up three broad flat steps and into a huge foyer. Fenlon and Brennan handed their coats and hats over to the man. Sadie stood undecided. Should she give up her little blue coat? It might be hard to find in a hurry if she handed it over. This was such a curious adventure that you couldn't tell how it would come out and it might be well to keep all your belongings together.

"SHALL we go to the big or the little living room or the upstairs sitting room or the bar or the den?" Brennan asked his guests. Then he laughed and patted Sadie on the shoulder. "The child of a servant girl wants the child of another servant girl to decide which of the twenty-eight rooms she would like to sit in."

Fenlon said, "Let's go in the den."

"Bring drinks to the den, Finnegan."

"What kind, sir?"

"All kinds."

"Scotch and rye, Phelps," Fenlon said.

"And brandy for Sadie."

"No, please."

"Yes, you got to drink it."

"Scotch and rye, Phelps," Fenlon said again.

The den was a very curious room. Brennan had evidently started out to furnish it like the dens he had heard about. Two tremendous fish had been properly mounted and hung on either side of the great fireplace. Two moose heads had been likewise mounted and hung. Four or five rifles, a crossed pair of foils, and a fly rod each had its place on the walls, but from there on the room was Brennan triumphant. There was modernistic furniture, a Sarouk rug, and a sleeping Cupid in a gilt frame. There were nude ladies, bronze busts of laurel-crowned heroes, and a radio set in a Chinese cabinet.

"This is the room I come to when I really want to relax," Brennan said as they entered.

Fenlon laughed shortly. "Well, you haven't one that's any more restful," he said.

From his tone Sadie gathered that he meant no compliment to the den. She looked around. Fenlon evidently meant that it was furnished badly.

The servant came in wheeling a roller bar before him.

"Won't you have a little something or other, Sadie? What can we get you?" Brennan looked at her pleadingly.

She shook her head.

"Mention anything. Finnegan'll get it for you, won't you, Finnegan?"

"I'll be glad to, sir."

"You see, he'll be glad to. He's

Page the S. P. C. A.!

SPEAKING of farm relief, what about the poor pigs? When *they* complain about an odor, boy, it's some odor! Less particular things than pigs shy at foul pipes. Yet so gentle a person as a lady loves to have pipe smoking in her presence—that is, with the *right kind* of tobacco. For instance, no living thing, pig or person, ever drew away from Sir Walter Raleigh's mild, fragrant mixture in a smooth, well-kept pipe.

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here only in case we want something. He works from midnight till eight A. M. Don't you, Finnegan?"

"Yes, sir."

Sadie was surprised. She'd never heard of a midnight shift for servants as a regular thing.

"So he'll get you anything."

"I'd like some coffee," Sadie said.

The servant said, "Yes, ma'am," and hurried away. Brennan, with his drink in his hand, sat back, closed his eyes, and rested his chin on his shirt front again. Fenlon sat across the room examining a cigarette.

"Don't you go away, Sadie," Brennan said.

"No. I'm waiting for my coffee."

"O. K. You know I'm crazy about you, Sadie."

"Sure. I know."

"No fooling. You're the kind of a girl I like. No high-and-mighty stuff. Just a swell-looking sensible girl. Don't you ever leave me, Sadie."

"I'll have to go to work once in a while," she said.

"You won't work any more. That's all over. I got seventeen million dollars I think, or maybe it's only seven million. I don't know. It's something."

Fenlon said, "Jack, will you drink that highball before you spill it, please, and stop talking nonsense."

"I'm not spilling nonsense and I'm not going to talk the highball. I like this girl. She's a real, down-to-earth person like I am and her name's Sadie. Did I ever tell you about my grandmother, Gil? The one who was named Sadie?"

"Yes, Jack. Come on now, either forget that drink or else drink it."

Brennan laughed. "That's a good one, Gil. Either put the drink down or else down the drink. That's real funny. I'm glad to hear you say something funny. You've been funny as a morgue all evening."

"I'm not being funny now. At least, I'm not intending to be."

"Well, you ought to be. You ought to feel like celebrating. I always said that when I found the right girl I wouldn't let her get away, and I'm not going to let Sadie get away, I'll tell you that."

"Tell me tomorrow, Jack. You drink your little drink and I'll put you to bed and take Sadie home."

"Oh, no. Sadie stays here."

"Don't be ridiculous, Jack."

"I'm not being ridiculous. She's staying here from now on. I'm staying up to watch that she stays here, and when it gets to the proper time of day—eight or nine or something—she and me are going to get married."

Gilbert Fenlon stared at his friend with hard gray eyes. "You're insane," he said.

"OH, yeah? I'll show you how insane I am. I like this girl, see? There's no nonsense about her. She's just the kind of a kid I like. And her name's Sadie. I always liked girls named Sadie. I had a grandmother named Sadie."

"Well, drink your drink and get to bed. I've got to get home."

"Go home, will you? No, don't go home. Stay and be best man at my wedding."

"Jack, can I speak to you for a few minutes?"

"Sure. Go ahead. We like to hear you speak, don't we, Sadie? You got a nice voice, Gil. Did anybody ever tell you that before?"

"I want to speak to you alone, Jack. Will you come in the living room for a minute?"

"Sure. Excuse me, won't you, Sadie? I think Gil's got a dirty story to tell me that he can't tell in front of you."

Sadie watched the two men walk from the room. Gilbert Fenlon was guiding Brennan and giving him a goodly amount of support. Brennan was gesticulating madly and telling Fenlon about his grandmother who had been named Sadie.

The manservant came in with coffee on a silver tray. He withdrew. Sadie reached for the cup and was amazed to find that her hand was trembling. She lay back against the cushions on the sofa and discovered that her whole body was trembling and that her face was burning hot. She thought of the time that she had nearly won an automobile in a raffle. Her number had been twenty-two thousand four hundred and twenty-seven. She had been present when the winning number had been read. The announcer had said, "The number is twenty-two thousand four hundred and twenty-six." Of course she hadn't won the automobile, but just before he had said the six she had felt like this. All trembly and hot.

Jack Brennan had said he was going to marry her. He was big and bloated and the whites of his eyes were bloodshot and more yellow than white. He wasn't nice to look at but he had money. She had never pictured herself with money and had never felt a yearning for the great things money could buy. She had asked life to give her nothing but Tommy, and life had turned a deaf ear. She couldn't have Tommy. He didn't want her. And if she couldn't have Tommy, what difference did it make, then, which man she took? Drunk or sober, handsome or hideous, all men after Tommy were alike.

They were arguing in there now, the two men. Fenlon would be saying that she was a cheap little schemer who would sue him for rape or breach of promise. Brennan would be telling about his grandmother. She closed her eyes. It was a dream anyhow. Brennan was drunk. He wouldn't want her when he was sober.

THE trembling and feverishness had passed. She reached for the coffee. The two men came in. She glanced at their faces. Fenlon looked angry. Brennan looked ridiculously funny because he was trying to hold an expression of dignified determination. He sat down. Fenlon sat down. Nobody said a word for many minutes. Brennan put a heavy arm around Sadie and went into a coma.

Fenlon threw his cigarette into the fireplace and said, "Why don't you clear out of here?"

Sadie did not answer. Her face was expressionless but the trembling had returned. Brennan was serious and had convinced Fenlon that he was.

Fenlon looked at her steadily. "You get paid back for every dirty trick you do in this world, Sadie."

"I don't believe it."

A silence fell during which Sadie poured herself another cup of coffee. Fenlon sat brooding. Brennan began to snore. She glanced at him and saw his huge mouth hanging open. His breath was hot and evil. She turned her head away. Still, if it wasn't Tommy, what difference did it make which man it was?

"I'm going to keep you from roping him in if I can," Gilbert Fenlon said.

"And maybe you'll succeed." A great doubt had suddenly swept over her. After all, Brennan must have fancied many girls. Why should he marry her? She must not appear too confident. "He'll have forgotten me by the time he awakens."

Fenlon looked at her. "I imagine he will have," he said. "Would you like me to send you home now? It might save you an unpleasant moment."

Sadie laughed. "No, I'll stay. It's getting light."

He glanced at the pale misty blue of the sky. But he said nothing.

"What have you got against me, fellow?" Sadie asked him. "Look here. It ain't as though he was of a good family and marrying beneath himself or anything like that."

"No, it isn't that. It's just that I hate to see birds shot on the ground."

"What?"

"Oh, it's a dirty trick. He's weak mentally and physically. He doesn't know what he's doing."

"He's weak?" She gazed at the huge bulk beside her.

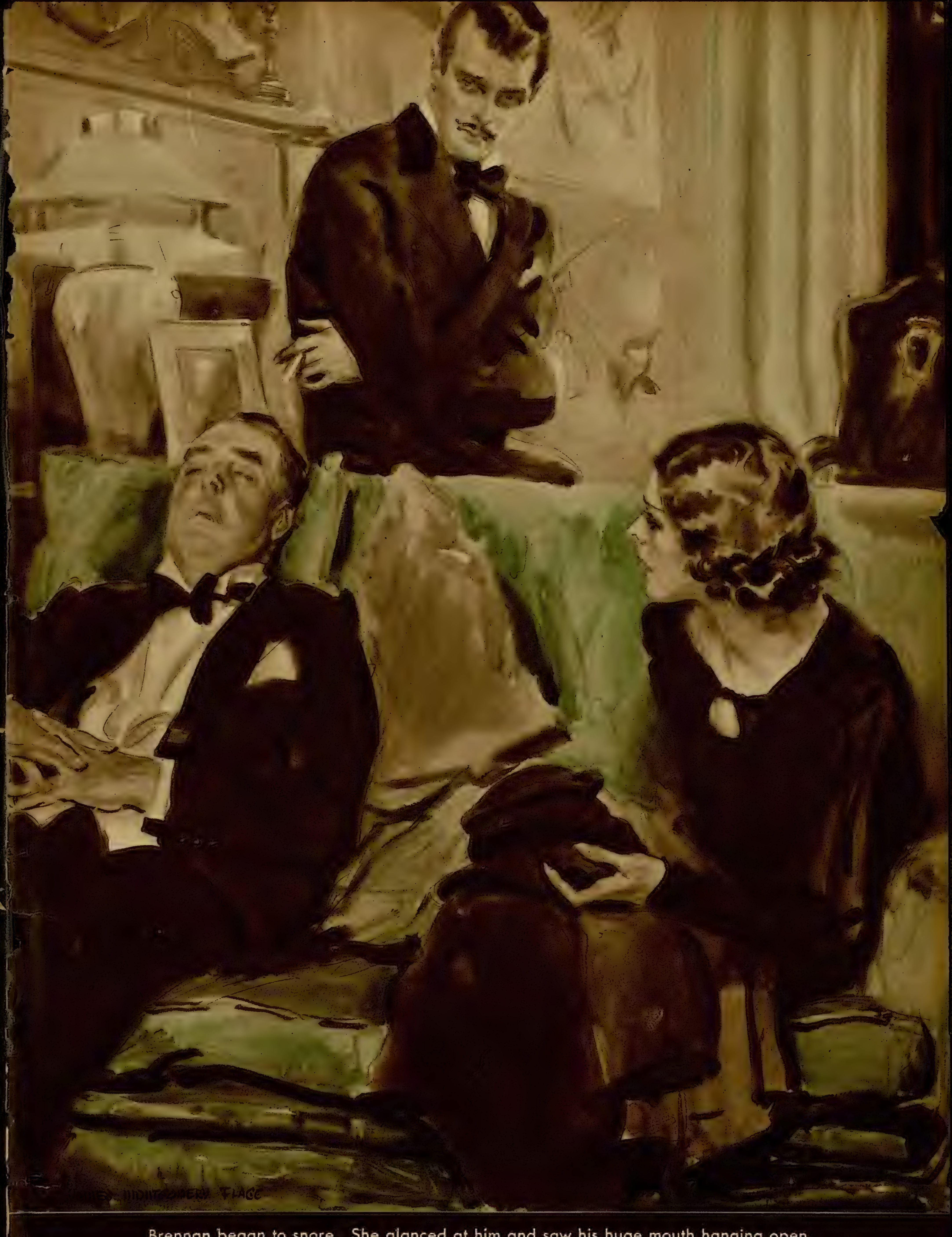
"Yes, he's a sick man. Oh, nothing that will hurt you," he added bitterly as Sadie looked again at the silent figure. "He oughtn't to have a mess of trouble flung around his neck."

"You think I'd be a trouble to him?"

"And plenty of it. I like him. He's a good egg. He's never hurt anybody in his life, and there's damn' few men with millions that can be said of."

"I see you've set ideas about me, fellow."

"I judge you only from what you do, and I keep remem-


MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Brennan began to snore. She glanced at him and saw his huge mouth hanging open.

bering that I'm responsible for anything that happens to him tonight. After all, I'm sober."

"So am I."

Quite unexpectedly Jack Brennan returned to consciousness. He stirred and said, "Sadie, don't you go away. Don't forget we're going to be married right away." He grumbled and returned to oblivion.

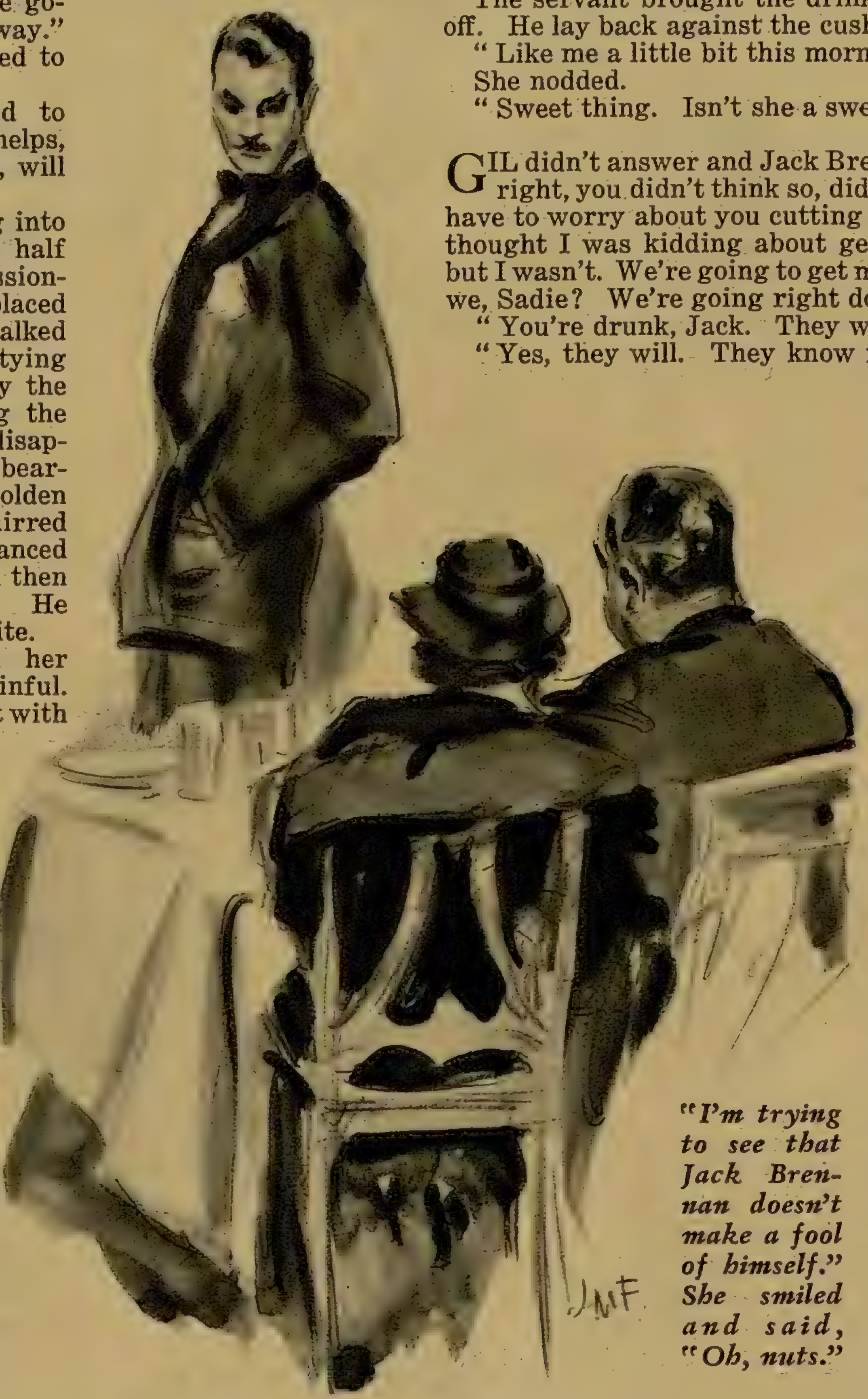
Gilbert Fenlon walked to the door and called, "Phelps, bring me a pot of coffee, will you?"

The sun was streaming into the room now. It was half past eight. Two expressionless menservants had replaced "Finnegan." They walked about noiselessly, emptying ash trays, wheeling away the roller bar, and removing the cold coffee pots. They disappeared. They returned bearing hot coffee pots, golden slabs of toast and shirred eggs. Gilbert Fenlon glanced at his breakfast tray and then swiftly away from it. He looked haggard and white.

Sadie felt worn and her body was stiff and painful. For two hours she had sat with her feet drawn under her, napping in a far corner of the sofa. She got up now, circled the room twice, and sat down to her breakfast.

Jack Brennan still slept. One of the servants had thrown a robe over him. Soon he would awaken. Sadie looked at Gilbert. All night she and he had waited for the moment that soon must come. Brennan would awaken and he would tell them what he thought, now that it was a bright, busy, workaday morning.

The robe which lay across Brennan moved slightly. Sadie and Fenlon watched it as it moved again, slid gently over Brennan's body, and was borne to the floor by its own weight. A servant ran to re-cover Brennan but paused when his master held up a deterring hand and said, "To hell with that thing. It's too hot."



"I'm trying to see that Jack Brennan doesn't make a fool of himself." She smiled and said, "Oh, nuts."

Brennan's puffy eyes surveyed the scene before him. "Hello, Sadie," he said. "How are you this morning? Hello, Gil. Sorry I fell asleep."

He raised himself on one elbow and looked around. "Get me a drink," he said to the servant. "God, I'm thirsty."

Sadie offered him the glass of iced water from her breakfast tray. "No, thanks," he said. "That always makes me sick first thing in the morning."

She looked at him in the strong light which beat through the broad shining windows. He was looking at her, so she could not withdraw her gaze as swiftly as she would have liked. She would have known in the morning light, even if Fenlon had not told her, that Jack Brennan was a sick man.

The servant brought the drink and Brennan tossed it off. He lay back against the cushions.

"Like me a little bit this morning, Sadie?"

She nodded.

"Sweet thing. Isn't she a sweet thing, Gil?"

GIL didn't answer and Jack Brennan laughed. "That's right, you didn't think so, did you? Well, then, I don't have to worry about you cutting me out, Gil. You people thought I was kidding about getting married to Sadie, but I wasn't. We're going to get married right away, ain't we, Sadie? We're going right down to City Hall."

"You're drunk, Jack. They won't marry you."

"Yes, they will. They know me. I get everything I want in this town—or any other." With a visible effort he pulled himself out of the thick satin folds of the cushions and got to his feet. He swayed, standing before them, and his hands shook.

This time Sadie could look away and she did.

Fenlon saw her do it. "I wish you much happiness," he said to her. "Or have you changed your mind?"

She shook her head. Fenlon started for the foyer.

"Tell them to have the car sent around, will you, Gil?"

"First you must bathe and change your clothes, Jack. You look terrible."

"Nuts. I never look good anyhow. I'm going to get married first." He put his arms around Sadie and kissed her full on the lips. She wanted to push him away and run out of the house. He didn't deserve that, though. He had a right to kiss her. He was going to marry her. She thought of clean beds and of getting her mother out of Griswolds' kitchen and of being finished with Roquette's, and she closed her eyes and offered her lips again.

"Gee, you're a grand girl, Sadie."

Fenlon said, "I'm leaving, Jack."

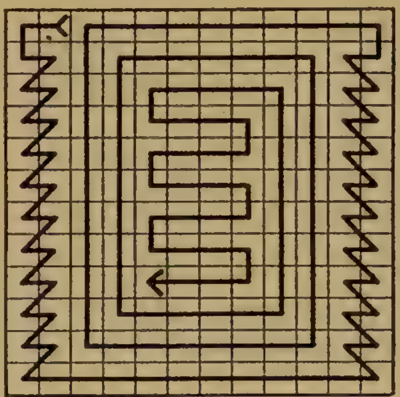
"Come down to City Hall with us, won't you?"

"No, thanks, Jack."

"Good-by, Gil."

Fenlon went away. "Nice boy," Jack said, "but dull, very dull." He poured himself a drink and then another one. "Now we'll go," he said. "Come on, sweetheart. God, you're a beauty! Sure you want to marry me?"

In next week's installment you will learn what Sadie's answer was to Jack Brennan's proposal.



YARDLEYGRAM ANSWER

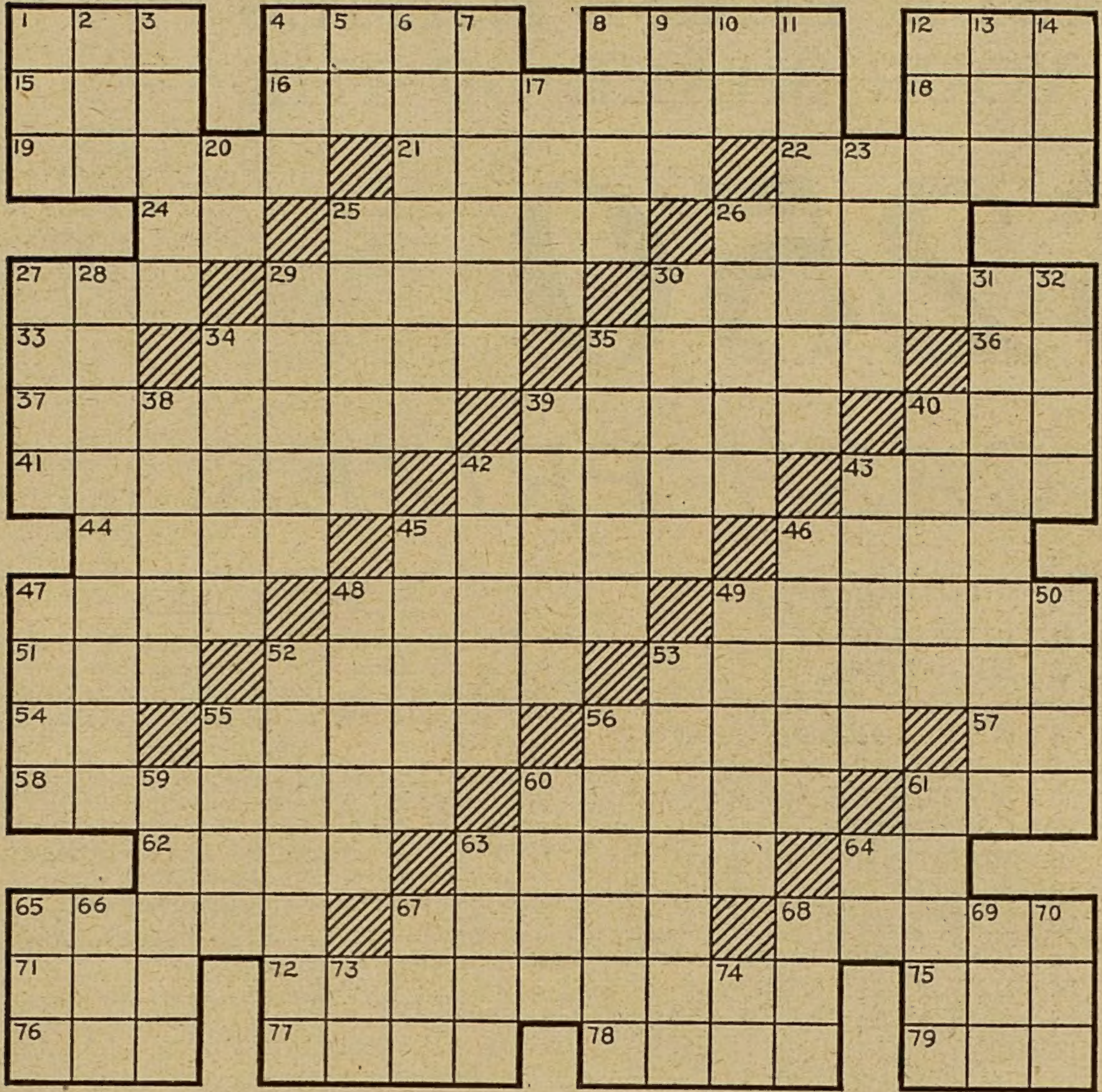
LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Drawing your pencil line as indicated at left will give you this message:

One of the most unique cases in American history was the secret trial of Pablo Waberski and his death sentence, due to the decipherment of the identification card found on him.

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



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Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Algiers (abbr.)
4 Fastening device
8 Minute particle
12 Piece of cloth
15 Title of respect
16 Planisphere
18 Man's name
19 Rings out
21 Scarcer
22 Offensively filthy
24 Toward
25 Unaspirated consonants
26 Wan
27 Simian
29 Mountain tops
30 Retracts
33 Adjective suffix
34 Looks for
35 Loves foolishly
36 Note of the scale
37 Slices of bacon
39 Stirred
40 Vehicle
41 Ones remaining
42 To overlay
43 A Scandinavian
44 Digits
45 Auctions
46 Iniquities
47 A blow
48 Rents
49 Linear variation of color
51 Permit
52 Copper coins
53 Form of paralysis
54 Either
55 Peals
56 South American animal
57 Egyptian deity
58 Scent
60 A flower
61 Roumanian coin
62 Secrete
63 Ventilated
64 Pronoun
65 Yours
67 An occurrence
68 Helped
71 An eternity
72 Called upon again
75 Teamster's command
76 A sheep
77 Throw or cast off
78 To hang
79 An eagle

VERTICAL

1 A snake
2 Recline
3 Part of a stove
4 Owns
5 While
6 Veins; stripes
7 Sportive actions
8 Malt liquor (pl.)
9 Sailor
10 River in Siberia
11 Threatened
12 Ascended
13 Craft
14 Happy
17 Crude metal (pl.)
20 An ejaculation
23 Exclamation
25 Looks askance
26 Man's name
27 Combining form: air
28 Babblers
29 Looks intently
30 Wanders
31 To become known
32 Withered and dry
34 A ruminant
35 Pigeons
38 A young hog
39 Burrowing animals
40 The chief genus of the dog family
42 Two-wheeled vehicles
43 More dreadful
45 Burn superficially
46 To denude
47 The wild plum
48 Therefore
49 Possessing flavor
50 Edom
52 Embers
53 Board for mixing paint
55 Control
56 Edible root
59 Exhibit brightness
60 Bonds
61 A shelf
63 Greedy
64 Note of the scale
65 Mound
66 In what manner
67 Woman's name
68 To supplement
69 Ever
70 Lair
73 Expression
74 Printer's measure

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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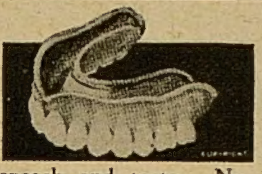

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IN BIG CASH PRIZES

HERE'S a new contest. A brain twister. Each of the thirty-five scrambled words at the right will spell, when the letters are rearranged in their correct sequence, a geographical name. Some are easy, some will prove a little harder no doubt, and some will tax your ability to the utmost. Don't be discouraged if you fail to solve them all. If you get half of them you can consider that you have done well, indeed, and that your chance to win a prize is excellent. Perhaps no one will get them all.

To summarize the rules, copy the scrambled words, list your solution opposite each, and then give an identification such as "mountain," "river," "city," "lake," "island," etc. Any complete map of North America will contain every name in the list.

It may prove helpful in solving some of the more difficult combinations of letters to work on the basis of the ordinary word game in which you try to see how many words you can make from a given combination of letters. This, however, is just a suggestion.

The important thing is to file your entry. Remember, your chance to win is excellent even though you do not solve all of the words. Perhaps no one else will get them all, either.

THE WORDS

1 SIMPSSPIISI
2 KIDELONK
3 LIKEWAMUE
4 NOTASOKAS
5 CAOW
6 METOYISE
7 CAMPOOT
8 WAVENHORTLE
9 AIMIM
10 HAITOAUC
11 BUQCEE
12 DULLETRIE
13 ANDACA
14 COWMOS
15 HICOGAC
16 WAGYAKS
17 RIEE
18 UVANAG
19 HOPEXIN
20 PITAOURA
21 RITAONO
22 LEMONTIPER
23 OMARCASTEN
24 LILTLOSA
25 TWOATA
26 DARANIXALE
27 FANBF
28 CANLOPESA
29 FLUBOAF
30 FACEDINE
31 RHNOU
32 ROSIPURE
33 RENOOG
34 KENOPAS
35 RAREMIMC

THE RULES

Each of the scrambled words will, when the letters are rearranged in their proper sequence, form a geographical name which may be found on any complete map of the North American Continent.

Copy the scrambled words. Opposite each, list your solution. On the same line identify the name with its geographical application and its location. For example, the first scrambled word correctly resolves into Mississippi. Your first line will therefore be something like this:

1 SIMPSSPIISI—MISSISSIPPI. A river. Empties into Gulf of Mexico.

In case any name has more than one application, either or any correct identification will have equal weight in this contest.

When you have solved and identified as many of the words as possible, write a brief statement to complete your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled, identified, and located, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference, will be adjudged the best.

In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Mail all entries to Scrambled Geography Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Monday, July 31.

PHONY EXCUSE PRIZE WINNERS

ISSUE DATED MAY 27

$50 FIRST PRIZE

NORMA NELSON, Colville, Wash.

I'm sorry, old man, that my chickens got through the fence into your garden and scratched out all the seeds, but, by jingo, I forgot to mend the hole your dog made today when he went through after eggs, so I guess that makes us even.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

G. J. MCCORMAC, Albany, P. E. I.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

W. B. SETTOON, New Orleans, La.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

A. W. THOM, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TEN $5 PRIZES

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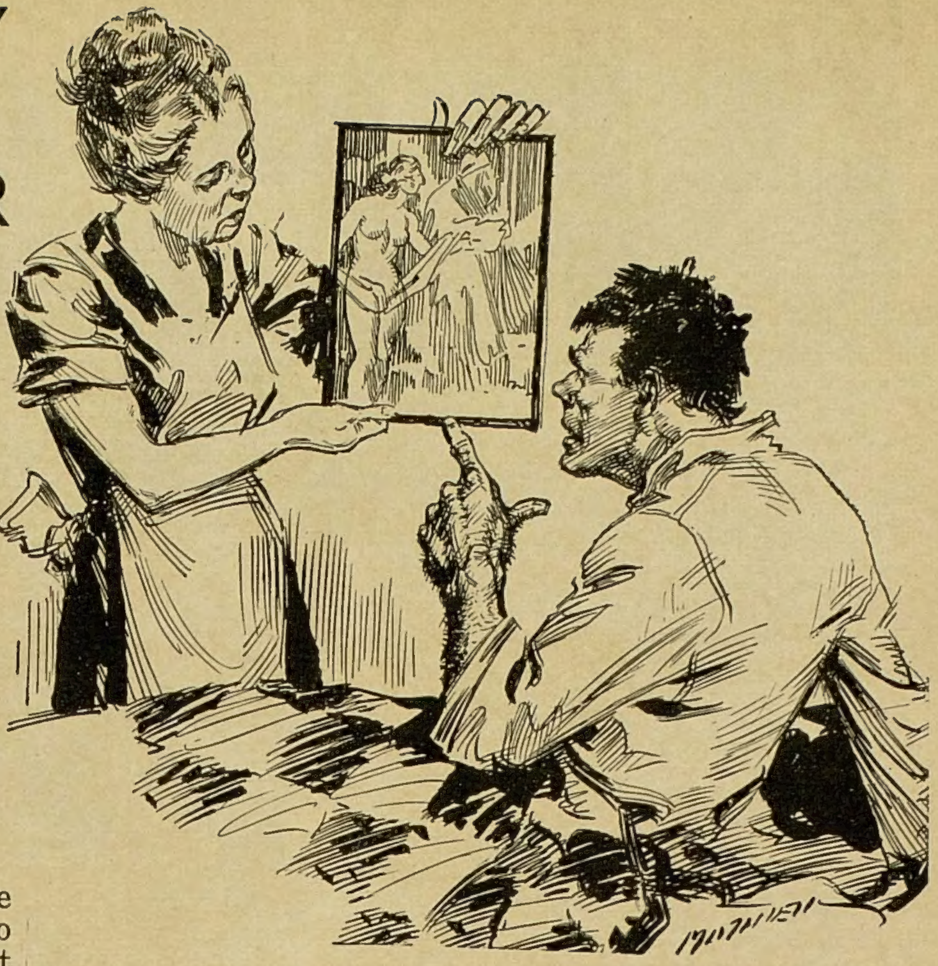
A SHORT SHORT STORY

By

D. E. WHEELER

And Saint Anthony *Smiles*



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THERE never was a more generous soul than Kate Gallagher, who had to go out doing day's work so as to take care of a tubercular husband and didn't weigh a hundred pounds herself!

Once a week she came in to do my cleaning, and always she brought some little gift—a wedge of newly baked cake, pen nibs, a few pale petunias from her window box, a package of chewing gum. You simply couldn't refuse her and destroy her joy. By way of returning her many kindnesses I would send a delicacy or a jig-saw puzzle to her sick Tom, who had been ailing for eight months, cooped up in a stuffy three-room top floor.

On this particular Friday morning I wondered what in the world Katy had in that squarish package.

" Here's somethin' I thought 'u'd suit you, Mrs. Morse," she said, unwrapping a framed picture, " if you'll excuse me sayin' so—but I noticed you don't mind undressed statues and the like. Tom, he won't have this in the house. He says it ain't the right kind of holy picture for us to hang in the room with our Virgin Mary and the Sacred Heart."

Katy held up a faded old engraving which appeared to be German. I knew enough of the language to make out the inscription to read, " The Temptation of St. Anthony."

" Quaint and interesting," I said. " Wherever did you get it? Why not keep it, Katy? "

" Oh, no! " She shook her black head positively. " The woman in it is too naked and shameless for my Tom. God forgive him, he even went so far as to say it was high time old Mr. Puffendorfer was dead when he gave me such pictures! "

I had often heard Katy speak of Mr. Puffendorfer, a poverty-stricken German scholar evidently, who lived in a couple of rooms.

" So he died, then? " I asked. " And left you this? "

" Yes; he died suddenly last Monday," said Katy, " and was buried yesterday, God rest his soul! As usual, I went in last Sunday to straighten up a bit and take him a bit of soda bread—he loved it, poor old feller—and he says, ' Katy, I want you to choose somethin' you want here.' He knew he was goin', I guess. Well, I had to please him, so I picked this because I felt he wanted me to have it—he used to say I looked like the girl in it—only my face, of course "—Katy grew red—" and St. Anthony was always a favorite saint of mine and I thought he might bring Tom and me good luck—"

I smiled at her charming artlessness.

" You think I'm pretty silly, I suppose? " interjected Katy, always sensitive to the slightest lack of sympathy.

" No, not silly, Katy," I assured her warmly, " but the salt of the earth, to use one of your own favorite expressions."

" Then you'll take the picture, Mrs. Morse? " she exclaimed happily. " You needn't put it where it'll be seen much." Katy sensed my objection to the artistic fitness of the engraving in my modernistic apartment. " Tom might smash it if I take it home again, and I wouldn't have that happen, for poor Mr. Puffendorfer's sake—"

" I won't accept it, Katy," I said, " but I'll keep it for you."

I found an inconspicuous corner for the engraving in my living room, and forgot it except when Katy came to clean and gave it special polishing. Once she said:

" Do you know, Mrs. Morse, a funny thing happened the other day. A secondhand Jew who bought Mr. Puffendorfer's things was mad that St. Anthony was missin'. But I never let on."

Bright as she tried to be, I could see the anguish in Katy's eyes growing from week to week. Her Tom was getting worse. " Unless he can go away quick there's no hope, the doctors say," she told me one day.

That was the day that St. Anthony fell from the wall at Katy's feet, the frame and glass breaking.

" It's a warning, Mrs. Morse! " she wailed. " A warning of death for a picture to fall! "

AFTER she had gone I went back to the broken picture. Handwriting, yellowed with age, caught my eye on the back of the engraving. I gathered they were presentation lines from the artist to someone named Anna. But it was the date that startled me. It looked like 15—something.

The next day I took the engraving to an expert. He grew excited after a few minutes' close scrutiny.

" Can you leave this with me? " he said. " I'd like to consult the greatest Dürer authority in town."

An original Dürer engraving might be worth—well, my ideas were hazy.

They were clarified over the telephone. The expert said he was sure of two thousand dollars. Mr. Morgan J. Pier, the wealthy collector, might pay three.

He did, too!

Tom and Katy Gallagher were immediately sent off to Arizona. And you may be sure they took a copy of St. Anthony—in colors—with them.

At the train Katy said to me:

" Oh, I knew St. Anthony would do somethin' for us! But I have often wondered what Mr. Puffendorfer meant that Sunday he gave me the picture when he said, ' I always wanted the one real thing I had to go to the one real person I have ever known! ' Just as if we ain't all real, Mrs. Morse! "

THE END

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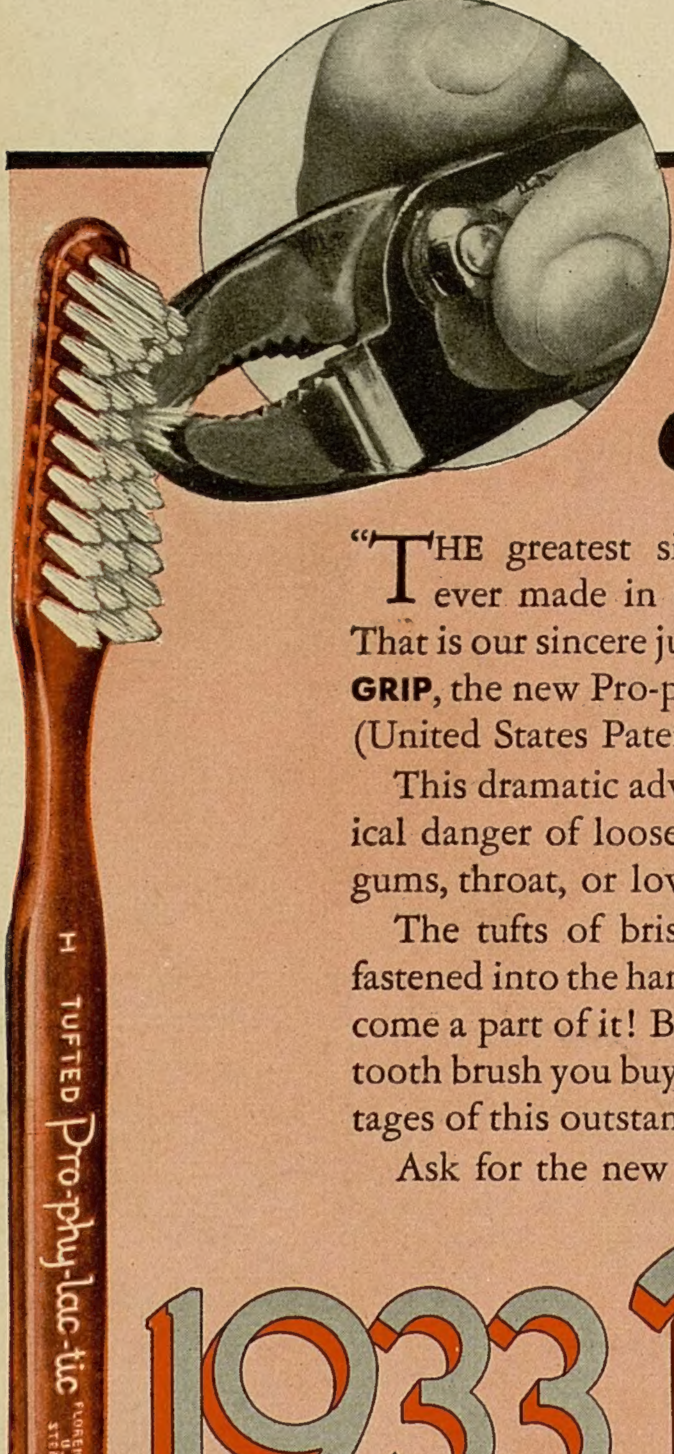

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